

CORONET

TOBER

25c



WHY NOT A WEST POINT FOR DIPLOMATS?

by Representative John M. Coffee

See Coronet's \$1000 prize offer . . . page 13



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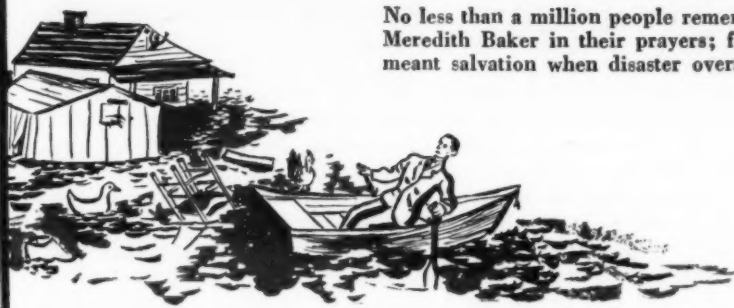
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Cover Girl There's a sentimental story behind our October cover. Cpl. Ardean Miller took this kodachrome of his wife Norma and their Irish setter Corky, while all three were honeymooning in the mountains. Mr. Miller met his 20-year old Mrs. in the course of business and soon after it was a case of photographer marrying model.



No less than a million people remember Henry Meredith Baker in their prayers; for his name meant salvation when disaster overtook them

Mercy's High Command

by DEAN JENNINGS

WHEN Mr. Henry Meredith Baker arrives at the golden gates, he will no doubt gaze at the boss angel with his disarming, dignified smile, poke one long finger suspiciously, and ask:

"Are you prepared for a disaster here? How fast can you evacuate heaven in case of a fire—yes, you're apt to have one here, too. What's your food supply? Are there plenty of spare wings around? Have you no shelter more substantial than these clouds?"

Now all this may be nonsense, but it might be expected of Henry Baker, father of disaster preparedness and relief, who has been in the prayers of a million people who love him because he, in turn, loves his fellow man.

For the past quarter century, this remarkable man, who gave up the ministry to join the American Red Cross, has lived and struggled through some three hundred disasters in 37 states and four foreign countries. Mr. Baker can spot a tornado quicker than a gopher, which is plenty fast, and he can estimate to the thinnest dime how much

damage a flood will cause. But more than that, Henry Baker has learned how to save lives and broken hearts, and how to keep alive the fragile will to live when perverse nature has crushed a man's home and fields and family.

To Henry Baker and the Red Cross a disaster has only one meaning: tragedy. In the past 25 years the Red Cross has fought 2,335 such disasters at a relief cost of more than a 100 million dollars. Henry Baker has been in all the big ones.

Yet Mrs. Baker's boy Henry was not brought up to be a disaster expert. In 1918, crushed by the death of his brother in action overseas, the young Reverend Henry Baker hurried to the nearest recruiting station and tried to enlist. But he was rejected because of poor eyesight, and was feeling gloomy when he was approached by a Red Cross personnel scout.

"If you must fight," the man said, "there are other ways to do it. Why not try the Red Cross?"

"Why not!" Baker agreed.

He signed an application blank,

was promptly accepted and shipped off to Camp Bowie in Texas. But it was not until a year later that he had his first brush with the dark angel. One September night in 1919 a fierce wind slapped the water on Corpus Christi Bay like a huge paddle and stirred it into a 65-mile-an-hour froth. In a few minutes there was a tidal wave 10 feet high bearing down on the town. It struck. The water rose, splashed at second story windows, crept inside.

Henry Baker arrived at Corpus Christi on one of two Red Cross relief trains. By that time the city and its suburbs were gasping under the mountain of muddy sea. Bodies floated along the streets and with them, grim and ironic, were empty coffins that had been plucked out of a warehouse by the flood. Baker worked all through the night and the next day, and when evening came he walked down to the spattered beach to rest from his baptism in disaster.

As he stood on the wet sand in the moonlight, the young Red Cross worker's soul was torn in a great struggle. This was not the kind of life he had planned. He had studied for the church in Australia, come to America and been ordained as a minister in the Church of Christ. He wanted to go on, to teach other young men how to serve their God. But this was God's work, too. Occasionally the now quiet currents washed in a pitifully battered human body.

"Why should these people suffer so for something beyond their control?" he asked himself. "They need help. The relief system could be better . . . much better."

Church or Red Cross? Henry

Baker made his choice that night, and has fought for the red and white symbol of mercy ever since.

In the next three years, rushing around the country from one disaster to another, Henry Baker learned much about human nature, and how it reacts under strain. He found that most people, faced with extreme danger, will help others without considering their own worries and risks.

"A disaster," he has told friends, "is the great leveler of humanity. The banker and the crook, the barber and the debutante, the prostitute and housewife will all pitch in and help one another in crises."

BAKER HIMSELF OWES his own life to that kind of unselfish heroism.

Some years ago, while riding a relief train through a flood-devastated area in Oklahoma, the slow-moving cars came to a rickety bridge over a boiling river.

"This looks bad, Mr. Baker," the engineer said.

"So it does," he agreed. "You show me how to start and stop the engine, and I'll take it over alone."

The engineer frowned. "No, sir, Mr. Baker. They told me to get this train through, and I'm gonna get it through. Hang on."

The bridge was already swaying when the heavy train started across. But they made it, and minutes later the span cracked and fell.

Yet as he worked on these grim jobs, it occurred to Henry Baker that there were obvious flaws in the mechanics of human salvage. He found out that the system of spending and accounting for Red Cross funds was slow and cumbersome. He found out that although the

generous heart of America would ship tons of food, clothing and other items to a disaster zone, much of it had to be discarded because it didn't answer specific needs.

He saw that families must be treated on an individual basis, rather than in masses. He recognized that speed in providing relief was essential in restoring morale.

In the frightful Pueblo, Colorado, flood of June 1921, the worst catastrophe that ever struck the state, Henry Baker saw many of these inadequacies strike home. The city was poorly prepared for the torrent of water that engulfed it from the Arkansas and Fountain Creek rivers, and Pueblo was a shambles when the Red Cross crews arrived.

At one point the water stood 19 feet deep in the Union Station. There was no fresh water, light, gas or communication in the city, and 90 per cent of the business district was under a swirling blanket of mud. The little emergency hospital was so overworked that at least one dead woman, being prepared for burial, came to life in her crude coffin. It took the Red Cross 15 months to straighten out the mess.

Nowadays, thanks to the work of pioneers like Henry Baker, the Red Cross disaster plan moves like a streamlined train. As a specific instance, consider the Ohio-Mississippi valley flood of 1937, by all odds the most appalling disaster that ever struck the nation. The water swept through eight million acres, wiped out 13 thousand homes, made 163 thousand families destitute, killed and injured hundreds.

Nearly 10 thousand Red Cross workers fought this disaster, setting up overnight a 25-million-dollar

relief corporation with hundreds of refugee centers. It took only six months to erase the traces of the water horror from the 13 thousand square miles of stricken land.

Case histories in this and other disasters, incidentally, now reflect Henry Baker's insistence that each family be considered a separate problem. Setting the pace in this great work for humanity hasn't been easy on Henry Baker. One of his axioms, "get there fast," has brought him injuries several times, and at least twice he was nearly killed on the job.

Once, during the Florida hurricane of 1926, he started out on an overnight auto trip from Sebring to Miami. He was trying to get badly needed sleep in the back of the car, and had two drivers who alternated so neither would fall asleep at the wheel. In the middle of the night the speeding car struck a crocodile on the road, turned over and threw Baker against the door. His right ear was split open, and he carries the scar to this day.

Another time, rushing south to a hurricane zone, Baker rented an open-cockpit plane at Memphis.

"This will be a rough trip," the pilot said. "We'll be running into the storm. You must like to fly."

"I hate to fly," Baker said. "But I've got to get to Miami. Let's go."

The ancient Martin took off on what airport workers said was a suicidal mission. One hour later, buffeted and torn by the tail of a northwestward hurricane, the ship crashed in a cornfield, and only the mercy of God saved the men from fatal injuries. Henry Baker continued his trip in an ambulance.

In 1924, after five years of tor-

nadoes, floods, fires and earthquakes, Henry Baker sat down to record his opinions and suggestions on disaster work. It was the first manual ever written on the subject, and promptly became the bible of all the men and women who devote their lives to other people's troubles. Today his modest little volume has swelled to several hundred pages and covers all that the Red Cross knows about the hells of nature.

BECAUSE Henry Baker recommended them in those early days, Red Cross disaster crews now emphasize these factors: quick burial of the dead to avoid epidemics; instant communication with headquarters, using a "ham" radio if nothing else is available; cafeteria feeding to guarantee good and balanced meals; prompt nursing and medical aid; immunization for disaster victims against typhoid and other diseases; and control of emergency transportation. In the Mississippi flood alone the Red Cross gathered up a prodigious total of 7,200 boats to keep evacuation lines flowing.

Baker suggested immediate use of churches, public buildings—even railroad box cars in a pinch—for mass shelters. He proposed that victims be allowed to pick out their own relief goods, such as food and clothing, and to get them from the merchant of their choice. It would help the local dealer get back on his feet and keep sorely needed money circulating in the vicinity. And that's the way it's done today.

Baker further urged that money be spent for vocational rehabilitation. If a wage-earner is killed in a disaster now, for example, his

widow can learn a trade or profession at Red Cross expense. Indeed, this extraordinary man works and preaches the belief that no lines can be drawn when death strikes, and he would sign a relief check for a gambler or crook as fast as he would for the factory girl or the clerk. Red Cross disaster funds, by the way, are not loaned. The money is given freely, with no I.O.U's.

Ironically enough, Henry Baker has often had to fight not only the elements, but vicious gossip that accompanies many a disaster. In one Midwestern flood it was rumored for weeks that Red Cross volunteers received cash commissions for each case handled. The rumor was so strong that many families requested their problems be handled by workers they liked, so they could get "the commission." Victims who didn't get their checks on time started rumors that the Red Cross was "broke"; others, failing to substantiate a spurious claim, insisted they were cheated because of race and religion.

It would take more than wagging tongues, more than tornadoes and floods, of course, to stop Henry Baker. In his first 10 years it was a rare week that he slept 40 hours. He rolled up a tremendous total of 175 thousand miles by rail and many thousands more by car, plane, wagon, motorcycle, boat and on foot. In the first seven months of 1925 alone he drove 55 thousand miles, an average of 260 miles a day.

It was inevitable that this dynamic and curiously hypnotic man would some day be named national director of disaster relief for the Red Cross. He won the honored post early in his career, after di-

recting relief on such monumental disasters as the Florida hurricane; the Berkeley, California, fire; the Fort Worth and Rio Grande valley floods; the northern Ohio tornado; and the Long Beach earthquake.

He was lured away from the Red Cross by his friend Glenn Curtiss, the aircraft manufacturer, late in 1929, and served as his personal administrator for a year. When Curtiss died suddenly, Henry Baker went back to his first love, and is still with it. In the past 15 years he has been a wandering angel of mercy, going wherever his strength and wisdom were needed.

He was in Puerto Rico, helping hurricane-stunned natives put their battered lives back together. He was sent to Ecuador when 25 thousand frightened citizens fled in fear of a Peruvian invasion, and he helped the little nation straighten out this emotional tangle. He has traveled across the country so much he can almost tell you how many telephone poles there are in any given county, and many a farmer on an isolated back country road can call him "Hank."

He received one great tribute some years ago when Banker William Dawes of Chicago got up to speak at a great civic event in St.

Louis and said: "Maybe this is an old story to you, but I went with Mr. Baker through a devastated area. Mr. Baker and his chauffeur did not go to bed for several days . . . they were driving continuously, and neither man had his clothes off in that time. You cannot buy that kind of service with money . . ."

Today, at Red Cross headquarters in wartime Washington, Henry Baker shows no sign of slowing down. He is 60 years old, but time has touched him lightly, and his blue eyes and dark hair reflect the youth in his heart. He wants nothing more than continued service in the work he loves.

Not long after Pearl Harbor, when Baker took a flying trip to Alaska, where the citizens were expecting Jap bombers any moment, he promised the governor unlimited Red Cross aid. When he had outlined what the organization could do, the governor was incredulous.

"Mr. Baker," he said, "I can hardly believe it. Have you the authority to say what you're saying?"

"Yes, Governor, I do."

The executive rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Well," he sighed, "You're the most comforting man who ever came through Alaska."

Grapes of Wrath



WHEN THE GERMAN representatives arrived at Marshal Foch's headquarters to negotiate the terms of the armistice of World War I, Marshal Foch ordered a special luncheon including a wine of a very rare vintage. He stressed particularly that the Germans be made aware of the label on the bottles. The label read "1870" the year that the Germans destroyed the military power of France.

—IRVING C. JOHNSON

Grin and Share It

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN



A MERCHANT WENT to a farmer near Amsterdam to get a pound of butter, but the farmer insisted on swapping the butter for a pair of woolen socks. When the merchant reported this to his wife, she had a solution. "We have a woolen bedspread," she said. "I'll unravel it and knit a pair of socks."

This she did, and the merchant exchanged the socks for a pound of butter. Thereafter, whenever the merchant needed more butter, his wife would unravel the bedspread and knit socks. Finally, one day, she had only enough wool for one more sock. The merchant took this to the farmer and asked for a half pound of butter.

"No," was the farmer's reply. "I'll give you a full pound. You see, I really don't wear the socks. My wife unravels the wool and uses it for a bedspread she's making. And there's just enough wool in this one sock to finish it!"

—LEONARD LYONS
Columnist

A CITY SMARTY, driving through the country, came upon a horny-handed son of toil sitting by the roadside, leisurely grinding away at a cud of natural leaf and as leisurely doing a careless job of whittling.

"Say, Rube," called the city youth, "have you lived here all your life?"

Neither looking up nor missing a stroke in his whittling, the rustic spat disgustedly and replied:

"Not yit."
—SAM C. FORD
Governor of Montana

TRAVELING FOR THE FIRST time by air, a civilian technician was being whisked half way around the world in a

huge Army transport plane. The ship made a smooth three-point landing at an airfield in western Africa, and immediately a little brown wagon rushed up to refuel it. At the next stop, somewhere in eastern Africa, the little brown wagon rushed up again. The same thing happened in Oran—up dashed the little brown wagon, and the plane was off again.

An Army officer turned to the civilian and remarked, "These planes certainly make wonderful time, don't they?"

"Yeah!" replied the technician. "And that little brown wagon ain't doin' so bad, either!"

—TOM GOOTÉE
Eatontown, N. J.

READING THROUGH his letters before signing them, the busy executive suddenly snorted, "Look here, Miss Smith, you've spelled 'received' with 'ei' in one letter and 'ie' in another."

"I'm terribly sorry, sir," apologized the girl. "One of them was a slip."

"Well, alter it before sending the letter off," growled the executive.

"Yes, sir—but which shall I alter?"

"Why—er—the one that's wrong, of course!"

—JEAN TENNYSON
New York, N. Y.

THERE IS an old and true story of a Republican political leader in the state of Vermont who always showed up at the state's Democratic rallies. There are so few Democrats in Vermont that it has been urged that they ought to be protected by the game laws, but there was no law against Cy's attending the gatherings.

His grim pleasure was discomfoting

to the assembled Democrats. His presence made their parties less homey. At last one day a Democratic leader asked Cy why he came to their meetings.

"Is it in yer mind that ye might get converted, or something?"

"No," replied the Republican, "I ain't thinkin' of anything like that. I just come around to your meetin's so's to keep my disgust fresh."

—LEVERETT SALTONSTALL
Governor of Massachusetts

THERE CAME A LULL in the conversation of two train acquaintances, and one of them decided to eat the snack he had brought along. He unwrapped a sizable piece of fruit cake and gulped it down. Five minutes later, he was doubling up in acute discomfort.

"What's the matter?" queried his seat-mate sympathetically.

"Those nuts my wife put into that cake," groaned his companion, "—she must have forgotten to crack them."

"Egad," exclaimed the friend, "and can you crack them by bending?"

—ROGER STILLERMAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

IN A CITY hit by the housing shortage, a man implored a landlord for a room. "Have you any children?" the landlord asked.

"No," answered the would-be tenant.

"Any dogs?"

"No."

"Any other pets—a canary or parrot perhaps?"

"No," said the man, "but I've got a fountain pen that scratches a little."

—VICTOR MCLAGLEN
Motion Picture Star

AS A MEMBER of the State Board of Charities and Reform, I was making an official visit to the Wyoming Penitentiary at Rawlins. It was just time for the evening meal, and the prisoners had assembled in the dining room. The warden asked if I would like to speak to them, and without waiting for a reply attracted the attention of the men, told them who I was and called

upon me to say a few words to them.

The occasion had arisen so unexpectedly that I was without a thought, but I started by saying, "My fellow citizens . . ."

Their smiles immediately reminded me that the citizenship of these men had been lost upon conviction. I hastened to correct myself and began again with, "Fellow convicts . . ."

This was even worse. I could see at once that they did not appreciate my inviting myself into their select company. Determined, however, not to let the formality of a salutation distract me, I explained simply, "Well, men, I don't know what to call you, but I'm certainly glad to see so many of you here."

—LESTER C. HUNT
Governor of Wyoming

AT A WELL-KNOWN southwestern university, it is an age-old custom that if the professor is more than 10 minutes late, the class may walk out. Knowing that he would be delayed one morning, a particularly unpopular professor dashed into the room early, dropped his hat on the desk, and disappeared on his errand. When he came in some 15 minutes later, the students had gone.

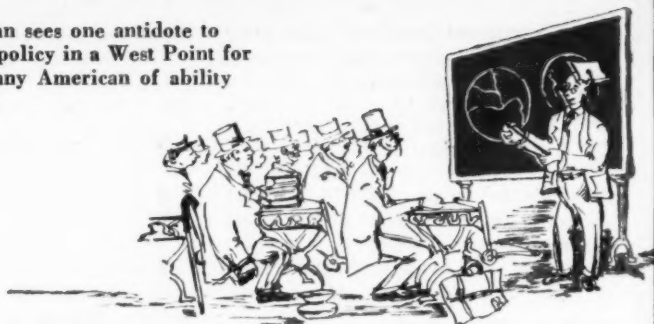
The next day he prefaced his lecture with a few pointed remarks to the effect that the presence of his hat had meant and would henceforth mean as much as if he himself were present.

On the following day he arrived to find row after row of seats occupied only by hats.

—VIRGINIA MARTIN
Austin, Tex.

Have you heard a clever story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet cordially invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes to be used in Grin and Share It or in the filler department. Payment of 10 dollars will be made for each one accepted. Address: Grin and Share It, Coronet Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, contributions will be carefully considered. In case of duplicates, it will be the usual case of the early bird

An alert Congressman sees one antidote to a bumbling foreign policy in a West Point for diplomats, open to any American of ability



Why Not a West Point for Diplomats?

by REPRESENTATIVE JOHN M. COFFEE

FOREIGN POLICY is today the top-ranking political question. We leave the war in the hands of the military—and look to foreign policy as the key to preventing a third World War. I am about to introduce some far-reaching legislation which, if it passes, will have a permanent effect on American foreign policy.

Because this legislation concerns the destinies of all Americans, I am more than anxious to know how you feel about my proposals.

Some six years before Pearl Harbor, Representative John M. Coffee (Dem. Wash.) was opposing our sending oil and scrap to the Japs. During the Spanish war he denounced our sending arms and war materials to Germany and Italy. Now every time he takes a lick at Franco Spain, the Tokyo and Berlin radio back up the Spanish in furiously denouncing him—which is no small compliment. He comes from Tacoma, is a member of the all-powerful House Appropriations Committee and devoted himself with a whole heart to a career of law and politics only after the flop of his first cantata—"Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder"—which made its debut shortly after he graduated from Yale Law School.

Briefly, my bill will call for the establishment of a Foreign Service Academy and the introduction of the Civil Service system into the State Department. On the surface, this might not seem to be a sweeping move. However, even the briefest review of our foreign policy between both world wars proves how close these proposals come to touching the core of our problem. The present war reached us in 1941 because our foreign policy had been faltering for over a decade; yet in 1944 no one seems to have come forward with a foreign policy that even *sounds* as if it will work.

Nor are the sins of our foreign policy the fault of any one political party. It was the Republican administration of Hoover which, in 1931, failed to support Secretary of State Stimson—a Republican—in the Manchuria Crisis and thereby set the whole pattern for Jap appeasement which came to a tragic climax 10 years later at Pearl Harbor, during a Democratic administration. It was the Roosevelt administration which failed to heed the warnings of our ambassador to

Spain, Claude Bowers—a Democrat—that the war which began in Spain in 1936 was not a local conflict but the start of the Axis war against the democracies. Had the United States not joined with England and France in appeasing the Axis in Spain, Hitler would today be not a menace but a memory.

In the cases of both Japan and Spain, our foreign policy failed us precisely because the one common-sense rule which must guide all foreign policy was not applied. This rule is as simple as truth itself: in foreign affairs, a nation must at all times support its friends and deny aid to its enemies.

The story of what has happened to this rule since 1931 is the real story of our road to war. We supported Japan and weakened China. By appeasing the Axis in Europe, we brought about the destruction of friendly regimes in Czechoslovakia and Spain and, most damaging of all, we isolated Russia—in 1938, as now, our natural ally.

After we found ourselves at war, we continued making the same mistakes we started to make in 1931. We gave Benes the cold shoulder and laid out the carpet for the Hapsburgs. We tried to pit the Darlans and Girauds against the anti-Axis De Gaulle. We delayed our support of Tito long after it was plain that Mihailovitch was supporting the Axis. We still persist in maintaining diplomatic relations with Spain despite the fact that it is not only an Axis satellite but also a base of military operations and espionage against American troops and ships. We play along with the Spanish Monarchists and ignore the Spanish Republi-

cans, who fight the Nazis in Spain.

In Latin America, with a few outstanding exceptions, we have been appeasing fascist and neo-fascist regimes and ignoring our friends, the anti-Axis majorities of most Latin American countries.

THERE ARE many reasons for this suicidal lack of realism in our handling of foreign affairs. Chief among these reasons is the makeup and character of our diplomatic corps under both Republican and Democratic administrations. The foreign service has become practically the monopoly of a certain class whose sole claim to the service seems to be based on its wealth and social connections. Exceptions, such as the young and very able Laurence Duggan, found it hard sledding to remain in the service.

Not until the diplomatic corps is reorganized along lines suitable for a modern democracy can we hope to have a sound foreign policy based on the obvious program of cementing our ties with our friends and lending neither aid nor support to our enemies. This can only be done by taking the State Department completely out of politics.

The first step is to make the foreign service largely a civil service organization, staffed by Americans of all walks of life, and of all creeds, religions, and racial backgrounds. All foreign service posts, up to and eventually including the rank of ambassador, should be civil service positions. There is no reason why an ambassador, as well as the lowliest clerk, should not be a citizen who can prove in a fair examination his general qualifications for the job.

I realize, of course, that there

are times when the President must choose an ambassador to meet a special situation—and that for such times, the ambassador might have unique abilities which make up for his lack of special training. For example, the logical man to be sent to Madrid as our ambassador when Franco is replaced by a republic is Claude Bowers, who is loved by the common people of Spain for his devotion to the democratic ideal during his earlier mission. But if the diplomatic staff under Bowers at that time consists of Ivy League snobs who worship blue blood and who pale at the mere word “republic,” then even such men as Bowers will be hard put to make their mission a success.

When the State Department and its foreign service are put on a civil service basis, we will need a diplomatic academy on a level with West Point and Annapolis to which any American can gain admittance via entrance examinations, and which, like our naval and military academies, will house and clothe the diplomatic cadets during their years of preparation for diplomatic careers. Examinations to enter this academy must be held under conditions which will make it impossible for the men who grade the applicants' papers to know whether the hand which wrote the answers to a given examination was the hand of a banker's son or a sharecropper's daughter, a white or a black American, a Gentile or a Jew. And no American who passes this examination will be denied entrance to this academy.

I foresee an initial freshman class of at least a thousand students in this academy. They will come

from the ranks of high school and college graduates, returned servicemen who can meet the sensible educational requirements, and from the present foreign service itself. The courses given at this academy will start with the study of foreign languages, but language study will take up the smallest part of the curriculum. Students will have to take advanced and detailed courses in the history, culture, customs and folklore of the nations in which they elect to serve. Many of these courses will be given by visiting professors from the nations the students are studying.

The great development of post-war aviation will make it thoroughly practicable for foreign service candidates to spend summer vacations or even full semesters of post-graduate study in foreign lands as students of the people and their countries. These field studies, usually supervised by competent instructors, will in all cases be paid for by the academy funds.

A graduate of this academy will be a fledgling ambassador who will have no difficulty winning the confidence and the good will of any citizen of a foreign country to which he is attached. He will understand the people and their problems; he will speak their language as fluently as he speaks English, and he will be able to make known to them at all times the feeling and the will of our nation. Most important of all, his understanding of the people will guarantee that his reports on trends abroad will more often than not be accurate and therefore valuable. Since his training at the foreign service academy will also include most of

\$1,000.00 in Prizes

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the subjects required of a college student, he will be able to report on new developments in science and industry as well as in politics.

When, by establishing this academy, we lay the groundwork for the creation of a scientific foreign service, we can then think in terms of the necessary reorganization of the structure of our missions abroad. Ours is now a shrinking, changing world in which the common man is coming into his own, and we need diplomatic representatives who can talk to the peoples of foreign lands in their own terms. An embassy largely staffed by graduates of our foreign service academy should also include certain special attachés who will take short courses at the academy before assuming their foreign posts.

In this category we can include special cultural attachés, men of the stature of John Steinbeck and

Archibald MacLeish. Every embassy should have on its staff of attachés a small businessman who can deal with his prototypes abroad, an American labor leader who can deal with foreign labor leaders, a woman who can be our eyes and our ears with the women's organizations of other nations.

Finally, we must exercise some ethnic judgment in making up the staff of a foreign mission. Our legations in countries which are predominantly darker-skinned or include large colored minority groups must of necessity have dark-skinned Americans on their rosters. Our legations in China should include Chinese-Americans; countries like Poland with its great Jewish minority should have an American diplomatic corps which will include at least one Jewish-speaking American. The sons and daughters of Americans who are one or two

generations removed from a foreign country are a must as diplomatic servants in the lands from which their fathers came.

The reasons for this are obvious: such diplomatic agents, by the mere accident of birth, will more easily gain the trust and the confidence of the people in the lands of their fathers.

There can be none but accidental possibilities for a sound foreign policy until our foreign service is reorganized along these lines. The real job of the foreign service is to study conditions abroad—and conditions in nine cases out of ten mean people—and to make accurate reports on these conditions for the President, since in the final analysis it is the President who determines our foreign policy. But the President's hand is guided by the reports and the recommendations of the foreign service.

Think of what a different world this would have been today had we had such a foreign service in action since the last war ended. Naturally, such a foreign service would have avoided the mistake of not maintaining diplomatic relations with Russia between 1918 and 1933. It would have kept every President accurately informed on the true feelings of the people of Europe towards fascism—and the appeasement of fascism. It would have kept every President informed of China's willingness and ability to withstand Japanese aggressions. The reports of such a service would have made every President think twice before authorizing loans to Mussolini when Italian fascism needed these loans in order to survive in the twenties. A trained profes-

sional staff in the State Department would not have discredited the factual and ominous reports Claude Bowers made to Washington when he was ambassador to Spain during the Spanish War.

In short, had we had such a foreign service between November, 1918 and December, 1941, no President of the United States would have permitted the development of fascism and the birth of the fascist Axis. A Second War would have been avoided.

TODAY, ALL of us must talk in terms of maintaining a large standing Army after the war. Those of us who tried our hardest to prevent this war are at this moment convinced that we must retain a large Army and Navy when the war ends. This is not a pleasant prospect, but it is an inevitable one. Yet, when we vote to continue appropriations for our war machine, we must also remember that modern wars are the end products of foreign policies that explode in our faces. This war, particularly, is the grim monument to a policy that failed.

Our real first line of defense against future wars lies not in our armed forces but in our foreign service, whose work plays a major share in determining our foreign policies. It is, therefore, all-important to streamline our foreign service into a scientific corps which can and will keep us from making the type of mistakes which make war inevitable. This can be done by the simple expedient of introducing practical democracy into the foreign service of the world's greatest democracy.

A Senior Hostess in Philadelphia's Stage Door Canteen reveals some interesting facts on being a "Mom by proxy" to men in uniform



Your Son Sends His Love

by IRMA BENJAMIN

DEAR MOM: As a Senior Hostess of the Philadelphia Stage Door Canteen, and as one mother of a boy away from home in the service of our country, I am impelled to write you this composite letter from hundreds of boys to as many "Moms," and, from me to you. I am but the proxy "Mom."

It is from boys far from home to their Moms in as many different places. From boys, who were either too shy to express their real feelings, or who just never realized the depth of their admiration and love for you, until war thrust the miles between home and you.

Distance has given them pause and a perspective as to the value of your mother-son relationship. For your boys have suddenly grown up. They are men of amazingly mature outlook, and I can tell you definitely, from where I sit, you are paramount in their thoughts.

When I registered for service in the Canteen, I visualized myself as merely a piece of human mechanism to the boys. Just a middle-aged robot handing out trays, or a

mouthpiece behind a desk marked "Information," to which I would, at times, be assigned.

Instead, we Senior Hostesses, whose silver threads as well as our badges mark us as such, often find it difficult to induce your boys either to dance with or talk to girls. It was to these Junior Hostesses I thought the boys would turn with their confidences as well as for their entertainment. I was wrong!

Sometimes a chance remark from me, "like Mom's"; at others, a slight resemblance, a gesture, a laugh like Mom's will unleash their pent-up thoughts of you. But more often your boys just plain want to talk about you, and they are drawn to one of your own generation.

Last night, a sailor who had just come into the Canteen asked me where he could have his pay-check cashed. I told him, but as he turned to leave, I suggested he stay awhile, have something to eat, meet some nice young girls and dance.

He accepted my invitation by saying, "I didn't know you had food down here, or I would have waited to eat. I don't dance and I

don't feel like talking to any girls. But if you'd let me talk to you, I'd stay."

Before I had a chance to reply, a soldier, writing at a desk behind me, interrupted with, "I don't mean to intrude, but I know just how he feels. I'd rather talk to you than to the girls. It makes me feel nearer to Mom." I turned and faced a handsome young man of about 25. He looked like the kind who would go for girls—preferably pretty ones.

The eyes of the young sailor brightened in sympathetic response to the soldier's unveiled expression of "Mom-sickness," as I said,

"Well, if that's the way you boys feel, pull up a couple of chairs, and we'll have a 'Be kind to mothers conference.'"

"Frankly, I'd love to talk to you. It would bring me closer to my own son."

Our bond was established.

The soldier shoved his letter aside. "I'm writing to my wife," he said. "I'll finish later. Funny though, while I was writing her, I was thinking so hard of Mom."

The sailor nervously ran his hand through a mop of hair that hadn't gone off the gold standard. "I'm not married," he said, "and I'm damn far from home. I'm from Seattle. And gee! Would I give a hell of a lot to see Mom this minute." Then he looked a little ashamed, and turned to me with, "That ain't bein' a sissy, is it, Ma'am?"

He didn't wait for my answer. "She's a little bit of a thing," he continued, enthusiastically. "Makes her always seem young to me. Gee, I just never thought about her age

'til now. She's always been more like a sister to me. Never bossy! Just a good egg. Always there when I wanted her, but never around to get in my hair. Gosh, we had fun together. Dad traveled a lot. I guess that's why I miss her more'n him. He's a good scout, but like I said, Mom was always there.

"I been around a lot since I saw her. This 'girl in every port' stuff is the bunk. Girls are okay, but I like women better. They're more like her. Well, I guess I'll blow now. Thanks for lissenin' . . ." And he was gone, with those numberless others that pass in the night.

"Good kid," the soldier said. "No harm'll ever come to him for loving his mother and admitting it." And soberly, he went back to finish his letter.

With a quiet moment to think, I glanced toward the telephone booth, a few feet from my desk. I saw one of the Senior Hostesses with her arm around the shoulders of a boy in the booth. Obviously something was wrong.

THIS WAS the hour when the boys "drew" the names of states for a chance to win a telephone call. The lucky boy who draws his own state (and sometimes there are several from the same state) can put through a call to anyone he chooses. He most often chooses *you*, Mom!

Apparently this winner had, somehow, lost. But, presently, the boy—a marine—came out of the booth, chin up. He passed my desk and walked toward the stairway leading to the street. The hostess who had comforted him was busy on another call. I decided to take over. I walked up to him and said

quietly, "Come on, soldier—don't go yet. Let's have a little jam session first."

He turned to look at me with strangely bright eyes. "Come on," I said, "over there," and pointed toward the empty chair beside my desk. Silently he followed me and slumped down in the chair.

"What goes on, soldier?" I asked. "Anything I can help?"

"Nothing too much," he said. "I just talked to my mother, and it kinda knocked me for a loop."

"Is she all right?"

"She's a lot of all right," he said. "She's the salt of the earth. She's in California and this'll be the last time I talk to her for a long time, and she knew it—and she had more guts than I have—the way she said 'goodbye!' She was like that the day I took off for college. I'm the only kid—and—well, you know how it is."

He must have felt my unspoken thought—"Your mother and I—we both know what that means—" for he turned to me intently and said, "Funny how it is with mothers, isn't it? I never thought of it before, not even when I was at college. The way they always protect you—I mean, even when it's harder for them than for you!" His square chin trembled suspiciously. He stopped talking. Just then a lovely young thing came sauntering toward the water cooler. I hoped the boy would notice her of his own accord. He did.

She reached toward the paper cup container. Courteously, he pulled one out for her.

"Thanks, pal," she said.

And in a moment they were on chatting terms. "Dance?" she asked,

as the band tore into a swing. "Sure!" he answered, and my mother's heart was satisfied.

I watched him during the evening, weaving his way through the crowd on and off the dance floor. He stayed until the Canteen closed and before he left he came to me and said, "Good night. It's been swell, really, and thanks for everything. I hope I'll see you again before I push off."

ALONG WITH THE professional entertainers at the Canteen, the boys themselves very often give out with song at the microphone. Not long ago a French sailor, an English merchant seaman and a U.S. marine volunteered to entertain. The marine announced "Here's one for my mother. Maybe yours loves it too," and in rich baritone he sang *My Little Grey Home in the West*. The French sailor, in impeccable English with an intriguing dash of French accent, sang the English translation of *Songs My Mother Taught Me*, while later the Englishman, in Irish brogue gave us *Mother Machree*.

Back in the room where the boys record whatever they will, for those back home, about 90 per cent make records for their mothers. Practically any time one wanders into the recording room one hears snatches like this:

"Hello, Mom! I'm gonna sing our favorite song." And unabashed by onlookers, a six-footer will sing lustily, *Mighty Lak a Rose*; another, equally Mom-minded, will play some simple nostalgic melody on the piano, just for Mom; while still another will just say, "Hello, Mom! How are you? I'm okay. Havin' a

swell time. Don't worry about me, Mom. Everything's Jake. I may be leavin' to go over soon, but I'm ready for it."

Yes, Mom, your boys are still with you, across the miles, and just

remember, back there where you anxiously watch for the postman and listen to reports over the radio, even as you scan the casualty lists, that "They also serve, who only stand and wait!"

Presidential Parade

■ **WHEN THE** third term of Franklin D. Roosevelt expires January 20, 1945, Roosevelt will not have served full 12 years in office. Due to the change from March to January of the inauguration day for his second term, his first term lasted only three years, 10 months and 16 days.

■ **THE THREE** Presidents who were assassinated—Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield and William McKinley—were all Republicans.

■ **NOVEMBER**—election month—has been the birth month of more Presidents of the United States than any other. Five of our 31 Presidents were born in November, but May and June have never been represented.

■ **ONLY ONE** PRESIDENT has ever been impeached. Andrew Johnson came up before a jury of the Senate, but the votes were one short of the two-thirds majority necessary to convict him.

■ **JULY LEADS** the calendar in Presidential deaths. Seven Presidents have died during that month, among them John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, both on July 4, 1826, and James Monroe on July 4, 1831. No President has ever died in May.

■ **DESPITE** A popular misconception, the Presidency doesn't shorten a man's life any more than other forms of executive work. The average life of

all 31 Presidents, including President Roosevelt, who is now 62, and ex-President Herbert Hoover, now 70, is slightly over 68 years. The youngest President to die was James Knox Polk at 53, and the oldest, John Adams, who lived to be 90.

■ **VIRGINIA AND OHIO** are the leading birthplaces of Presidents, eight Chief Executives having been born in Virginia and seven in Ohio. New York, Ohio and Virginia have given the country the largest number of First Ladies in this case, too.

■ **GROVER CLEVELAND** is the only President ever elected after being defeated for reelection. A Democrat, he was elected in 1884, but defeated by Benjamin Harrison, a Republican, in 1888. Four years later, Cleveland again ran against Harrison and won.

■ **SINCE FRANKLIN PIERCE**, a Democrat, was inaugurated in 1853, the Democrats and the Republicans have been the only political parties to succeed in getting candidates elected to the Presidency. Pierce's predecessor, Millard Fillmore, was a Whig.

■ **THE PRESIDENTIAL** candidate receiving the largest popular vote is not necessarily elected. In 1888, Benjamin Harrison received a smaller popular vote than his opponent—Grover Cleveland—but won on the essential electoral votes. —EVELYN DOBBS HYND



Utopia for the homeless is Mooseheart, City of Children, built on the principles laid down by the founder of Christianity

Mooseheart: A City of Children

by ANN FIELDS

A VISITOR in the city of Mooseheart, Illinois, soon wonders why no one pays him any mind. It will come to his attention later, however, that what he is now observing embodies some of the qualities of a colony of beavers and the modern version of bedlam. It may also remind him wistfully of his grandmother's tales of heaven.

Mooseheart is a city complete in itself, occupied almost exclusively by children. As far as the eye can see hundreds and hundreds of its youthful dwellers are going about their various pursuits. Their laughter and shouting shatter the ether as they romp on its lawns and streets. Blue-denimed boys drive giant-like tractors. Tiny tots wriggle their toes in the wading pools.

Unique in all the world are the residents of the City of Children. They range in age from one month to 18 years. Forty per cent have neither mother nor father. Sixty per cent have lost one parent. None of them has any other home.

The visitor soon sees there are no walls to the city. None to keep its children in. None to keep its

visitors out. No guards will ask what his business is. No Mooseheart residents cares.

The surprise of a casual visitor is mild compared to that of a new instructor who arrives unprepared for Superintendent W. J. Leinweber's unusual methods in school management.

Even after several weeks at Mooseheart a new instructor still bears an expression of slight bewilderment. In that interval he has discovered that he's not in an orphanage; he's certain it's no institution; he'd hesitate to call it a school. Sometimes he feels inclined to wonder if he ever will know just how it works.

Superintendent Leinweber never had such a problem. He stayed strictly away from all other schools. "I know the kind of life I wanted when I was a child," he explains, "I try to give these kids a bit of the same."

With a schoolboy's awe he sees brand new offsprings whizzed merrily off to the Baby Village. Campus walks merely add to the confusion with 100 sights and sounds. Bands

play, cadets march. A 50 piece symphony orchestra tunes up for the concert next day.

On Sunday the Superintendent attends an early Mass, presided over by a Catholic priest. Two hours later in the same chapel, at the selfsame altar, the Protestants pay their respects to God.

"Statistically speaking," says Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, one of Mooseheart's seven Governors, "what we have here is a Rock of Gibraltar and a model for social legislation." Statistically speaking, the Harvard professor is 99 per cent right.

MOOSEHEART is a city, completely self-sustained. It has 1,240 acres of land. There are 200 buildings. It represents an investment of five million dollars, and maintains a complete and accredited school system from nursery through high school and business college.

It provides yearly for a thousand children. Fifteen per cent of all its students attend a higher institution of learning. In nearly 50 per cent of the cases admitted, the mother comes with her family and is employed on the premises at salary. Six hundred of its boys are now in military service; it has provided two majors, seven captains, 43 lieutenants, 12 ensigns. Eighty per cent of the six hundred have some rank or rating.

In 40 per cent of its cases students marry schoolmates some time after graduation.

Fifty to 80 per cent of its food is raised on its farm. The Mooseheart family drinks a ton of milk every day. The city hasn't had a death in the last 11 years. It has never

had a delinquent in its history.

"It costs much less for a Mooseheart," says Superintendent Leinweber, "than to maintain reformatories. Children aren't delinquent when they have proper food and guidance."

The unique idea of the City of Children was born in the heart of an immigrant boy. Forty years ago he worked as a millhand in a giant steel industry. Accidents in the early 1900's were numerous and fatal. Each Saturday night the hat was passed to collect pennies for the widows and orphans. "Some day," vowed the immigrant boy, "I'm going to build an orphanage. It won't be drab and full of poverty. It's going to be fun."

He joined a struggling fraternity in the year 1906. It was enjoying a feeble span of life with 250 members who called themselves The Loyal Order of Moose. The millhand saw in that nucleus of men a chance for them all to become great. He told them that in order to survive and expand they must adopt some worthwhile cause. He passed his hat for their pennies and his orphanage became their cause.

In 1913 the Honorable James J. Davis (today's Senator from the state of Pennsylvania) saw his boyhood dream come true. The mighty Moose Fraternity of half a million men dedicated Mooseheart as a home for the homeless children of of any deceased member.

Sprawled across hundreds of acres in the Illinois Fox River Valley, the city of children rears her towers, a dedication to "a happy life." A child city, secure and substantial, it has every modern facility, including hospital, post office, rail-

road, athletic field and stadium, business school and bank.

From the beginning children were housed in cottages to avoid institutional atmosphere. Each house is a complete home unit with kitchen, dining room, housemother and cook. When a family moves in, it is housed in the reception cottage for the first two weeks. During that period the staff of the Child Laboratory makes a complete personal analysis and educational survey. The data is compiled from past background and tests and presented to the Child Guidance Staff. Before newcomers are placed in their homes and school programs, this staff has a clear picture of where they are going.

In the case of very small children as many as three foster parents take over the care of 10 cottage occupants. No more than 16 children are permitted in any home. The junior and senior high school students have married couples in their residence for both mother and father advice.

Mooseheart admits only normal children. The fact that it takes both boys and girls constitutes a major problem which is met in a normal way. "It would be foolhardy to think," says the frank Superintendent, "that all boys regard the Mooseheart girls as sisters and vice versa."

Normal and wholesome youthful relations are fostered in every way. A cottage of boys entertains a cottage of girls and the girls have the boys over for dinner. Dances are held; Sunday afternoon is campus "date time," athletic matches, too, are attended by mixed groups, and the boys and girls walk and talk

coming and going from classes. Student deans and chaplains give personal counsel and moral instructions. Any extreme in dress or familiarity is dealt with quickly. An intelligent and wholesome attitude on the whole matter of sex is fostered throughout the training.

"One of the most difficult problems we had to face," explains the Superintendent, "was to teach our children *who have everything* that earning a living isn't always easy." The Super's approach to any problem is always direct and original. Ten years ago he decided the answer was to have a bank—and for the children to have something in it. He instituted a pay system for any and all overtime work. The bank involves some deep student thinking and sometimes a mighty problem as Billie Adams proved.

Twelve-year-old Billie, a newcomer, walked in one day and looked warily at the Superintendent. "Which is better," he wanted to know, "bills or jingle money?" The Super thought awhile and guessed both were equally good at the market.

"Is there any chance of the country going bankrupt?" Billie asked with studied care. No, the Super reckoned—things looked pretty good. "Yes, but just in case," persisted Billie, "which money is safer to have?"

The Super gave that some serious thought then cast his vote for silver. A relieved expression crossed Billie's face as he produced a fistful of quarters. "That's fine," he said, "that's the way I've got it. And right now I don't need a thing."

Billie wouldn't need a thing for a good many years. But he had

learned that money was hard to earn and he meant to get full value.

Each child at Mooseheart has certain duties that must be performed each day as a part of community living. The girls learn, and practice, cooking, sewing, cleaning and house-keeping. The boys farm, tend lawns, repair equipment, as all useful and handy men do. But both girls and boys can have any musical or artistic training with every equipment provided. Girls have a choice of range, color and style throughout their wardrobes. Boys' suits, of the best materials, are tailored in Chicago. The appearance of Mooseheart boys and girls is that of any modestly well-to-do family.

THE LOW POINT in Superintendent Leinweber's life is when one of his kids gets out of line. A 10-year-old boy arrived one day. His name was Bill James and he was "feeling his oats." Proud, disdainful, and inclined to boast, he was registered and placed in a congenial cottage. A few days later the housemother called: "There's something wrong with my boys," she told Leinweber, "and for the life of me I can't figure what."

The Super casually ambled over to pay a call on the boys. The students were lounging in the comfortable living room with a radio going full blast but the air was thick with tension. The Super discussed the Saturday afternoon game, told them about the latest picture coming Saturday night and watched carefully the brewing storm.

Each time Bill James opened his mouth the boys looked as if they could eat him alive. Finally Bill jumped to his feet and shouted:

"I'll lick the whole lot of you, any time you say."

The Super lazily got to his feet: "Okay, Bill," he said, "that's sure good enough for me. It's time you had a lesson in the meaning of words. Let's go, boys."

He called the athletic coach and instructed him to come down to the gym. "Now, Bill," he said, on arrival at the gym, "here are your boxing gloves, just pick your man." The slugfest lasted through four long rounds. On the fifth round Bill went down and came up roaring with laughter. Everybody shook hands all around. Justice had been done.

The Superintendent's eyes grew misty with tears when he told that story: "I hope Bill does as well with the Japs," he said, "he's a darn good bombardier."

Sometimes the crime is a serious one and the culprit must be sent to Fez Hall. Called simply "the farm" by hushed-voiced students, Fez Hall is a modern, bright, up-to-date cottage with every conceivable convenience. It has shaded walks and immaculate lawns and a radio inside. There are no guards, no keepers, no extra duties, you act just as you do on the campus. The only rules that apply at Fez Hall are that no one may give you a ride. You may not accept a lift. You must remain at the cottage at night. You must be in by 9:30.

"The trouble is," chuckles the Super, "Fez Hall is eight miles from our town. You could be having an awful lot of fun while you walked those 16 miles."

Fez Hall has an occupant perhaps once a year. The students speak of it with grave concern and

the psychological punishment serves its purpose.

An Illinois Senator invited a Georgia colleague to come up to his state and see a "modern version of *You Can't Take It With You*." The doubting Georgian came along. He walked the eight miles

of shaded streets, peered into every cottage. He stayed at Mooseheart from sunup to sundown and didn't speak a word. When he held out his hand to say goodbye to Superintendent Lienweber, he said in a tone of awe, "I had to see Mooseheart to believe it was really true."



WHEN FIORELLA H. LaGUARDIA first took office, his hobby was not chasing fires, but presiding in Police Court. During a winter of widespread destitution, a man was brought before him, arrested for stealing a loaf of bread. The accused made no defense other than that he could get neither job nor food, and his family was hungry.

"I've got to punish you," said LaGuardia. "You stole, not from the community which is responsible for these conditions, but from an individual. So I fine you 10 dollars." And reaching into his pocket, Fiorello added, "But here is the money to pay your fine—and furthermore, I sentence every person in this courtroom 50 cents for living in a town where a man has to steal bread in order to eat!"

With that, he tossed his familiar sombrero to the court officer, "Here, collect these fines and give them to the defendant." —IRVING HOFFMAN

AN AMERICAN ART CONNOISSEUR, sojourning in Rome a few years ago, took a great fancy to a painting displayed in a store near his hotel. After examining the picture several times, he asked the price, but it proved so high that he told the dealer he was not interested. Imagine his surprise when, upon returning to his hotel, he found the picture awaiting him, and with it a bill at the price he had been quoted.

The American immediately attempted to return the picture, explaining that he had not purchased it and did not want it. But the dealer refused to accept it and brought suit against him for the amount named. Desperate at the turn of events, the art-lover employed an Italian attorney to defend him in the trumped-up case.

At the trial he was amazed to see witness after witness take the stand and swear that they had been present in the store, had heard him ask the price of the picture and had heard him order it sent to his hotel. Turning despairfully to his lawyer, he exclaimed, "What can a foreigner do under such circumstances?"

Blandly the attorney replied, "Wait."

When the defense opened, twice the number of witnesses took the stand and testified that they had been present in the store, had heard the American ask the price, and order the picture sent to his hotel, and had seen him take out his pocketbook and pay for it!

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

A lawyer is a legal doctor. Chances are that he can minimize your sufferings—provided, that is, you consult him in time



It Pays To See a Lawyer

by RICHARD C. FILDEW

AT LEAST ONE-THIRD of the cases that finally reach a lawyer reach him too late. Like a doctor, a lawyer must get the case in time to minimize the suffering. Every state has what is known as a statute of limitations, which sets the time in which you must present your claim or file your defense. Once you have allowed that time to lapse, it is extremely difficult and frequently impossible for even a lawyer to get you relief.

A few years back a successful middle-aged businessman came into my office seeking to eject some squatters who had been living on a seemingly worthless tract of land which my friend owned. It now seemed that the land might not be as worthless as it appeared; two large oil companies had approached my client with the thought of leasing it for experimental drilling.

"How long have these people been on your property?" I asked.

"About eight or nine years at least. They came on about the start of the Depression and built a little shack. I felt sorry for them so I let them stay, but I never gave them

actual permission; I just didn't do anything about them."

"Have they improved your land to any extent?"

"Oh yes, they fenced most of it in for grazing purposes, planted melons on the rest, enlarged the well, and built this little shack. And they have been paying taxes for the last six years."

It was then my painful task to inform my client that he no longer owned the land. By waiting too long to bring this action for eviction and trespass, he had let the statute of limitations expire and was now barred from legal relief. The squatters, by illegally taking possession of the land, paying taxes upon it, improving it, and by using it openly and continuously as their own for a period of five years, had now gained title by adverse possession. The only way my client could possibly get relief was to have the squatters leave the property voluntarily or neglect to contest his action for eviction.

They did neither. They had retained their own attorney and now brought action to establish their

right to title. Subsequently, oil was discovered on the land. My client's neglect cost him several hundred thousand dollars.

One of the most common sources of legal trouble and legal neglect concerns marriage and divorce. Almost every state has different laws regarding these highly personal actions. In some states a divorce is final as soon as it is granted; in others the parties must wait a year; in still others the decree is final but prohibits remarriage in that state for a specified period. Great migrations of people from one state to another, such as the present war period has brought about, cause confusion about the legal status of marriage and remarriage. In California, the number of persons remarrying before their divorce has become final is so large that a committee of judges requested the legislature to change the present California divorce laws by eliminating the one-year waiting period. Until the entire nation is blanketed with uniform marriage and divorce laws, the wisest course is to see a lawyer.

What is the effect of marrying a second time before one's divorce is final? It's awesome! The second marriage is bigamous, punishable in most states as a felony, carrying a penalty of from one to ten years in prison. There is the embarrassing and unpleasant question of legitimacy of children and their right to inherit. This leads to the problem of the innocent spouse who unwittingly thinks she is married, but upon her husband's death when claiming the wife's share of the estate, learns that she is entitled to nothing since legally she is not his

wife—never having been legally married.

The war has brought about many hasty and unreasoned marriages. Everybody, including competent authorities, is predicting that the divorce rate will shoot upwards. The year 1944 will probably exceed the new divorce high reached in 1943. Most of these divorces were and will be uncontested—a case in which the parties agree as to the terms of property settlement and custody of children before bringing action. The divorce is then filed by one spouse (usually the wife), the other allowing it to go by default. The suing spouse of course is represented by counsel; but even an uncontested case does not prevent the other spouse from retaining an attorney.

Fred was one of those careless fellows who thought he could handle the situation by himself when his wife Betty sued him for divorce. Fred advanced the money for court costs and attorney fees and Betty brought the action. All went as planned. Fred failed to answer the divorce complaint and Betty's attorney filed for a default decree. In this decree, the attorneys requested that Betty be granted one dollar a month as permanent alimony. Before bringing the action Betty had told Fred that she did not want any alimony, since both were young and capable of working—having been married only two years. Momentarily, Fred was annoyed at this dollar a month, but it appeared so insignificant he did nothing about it. He never paid this small sum and Betty never demanded it.

Ten years later Fred was happily remarried and prospering in busi-

ness. Betty had never remarried, but had let herself degenerate until she was broken in health and unable to work. It was then that she thought of Fred and the dollar a month alimony. By showing her poor health and financial condition as opposed to Fred's prosperity, Betty's attorney, on an alimony modification hearing, had little difficulty in persuading the court to increase the one dollar to 125 dollars a month. This time Fred was forced to pay regularly.

When a divorce decree does not provide for alimony, it can never be subsequently obtained. That is why it is common practice for attorneys to request a nominal alimony, such as one dollar, which upon proper showing can, at any time, be increased at the court's discretion.

Unpaid bills provide another legal swamp in which you can lose your shirt unless guided by professional knowledge. Even if your default seems justifiable, ignoring "past due" notices may amount to handing a collection agency the combination to your safe.

A man had some work done on his car incurring a bill for one hundred dollars. He gave the repair man a small down payment and signed a note for the balance. Within a couple of weeks the engine was again out of kilter and when the garage refused to stand the cost of another overhaul, the man declined to pay the balance of the bill.

After sending several statements, the garage turned the matter over to a collection agency. Figuring he was in the right, the man disposed of the bills and the accompanying warnings. When a summons and a complaint arrived, these too were

committed to the care of the wastebasket. Six months' peace lulled the man into the feeling that it was all over. Then a new and more insistent collection outfit took up the dunning. By paying no attention, the man took the last step into a complicated legal tangle.

He awoke one morning to find that the sheriff's office had taken the car. He cashed in some bonds and paid the new collection agency the full amount of the garage bill, plus interest, plus costs, plus attorney fees. He was hard at work at the business of forgetting the past when the sheriff's office called again and picked up the car. The first agency had obtained a default judgment when he failed to answer the summons.

This was too much. Deciding that it might be cheaper to see a lawyer than to pay a bill twice which he felt he did not owe in the first place, the man came to my office. He was too late. He had no choice but to pay the accrued charges and promise himself that next time he would take the cheaper and safer course of getting an attorney's advice early.

Hi-Yo Silver

As survivors of a torpedoed American vessel were recently being picked up in the Atlantic, a young sailor could be sighted riding a piece of debris, bronco-fashion, and yelling at the top of his lungs, "Hi-Yo Silver." More familiar to many American kids than Little Red Riding Hood, the Lone Ranger and his trusty steed have been vanquishing evil on their daily radio program for well unto 12 years now. He and Silver have branched out into the comics and the Olympia circus too, where Milt Guion, star of the show, appears in person.

KODACHROME BY STEPHEN DEUTCH



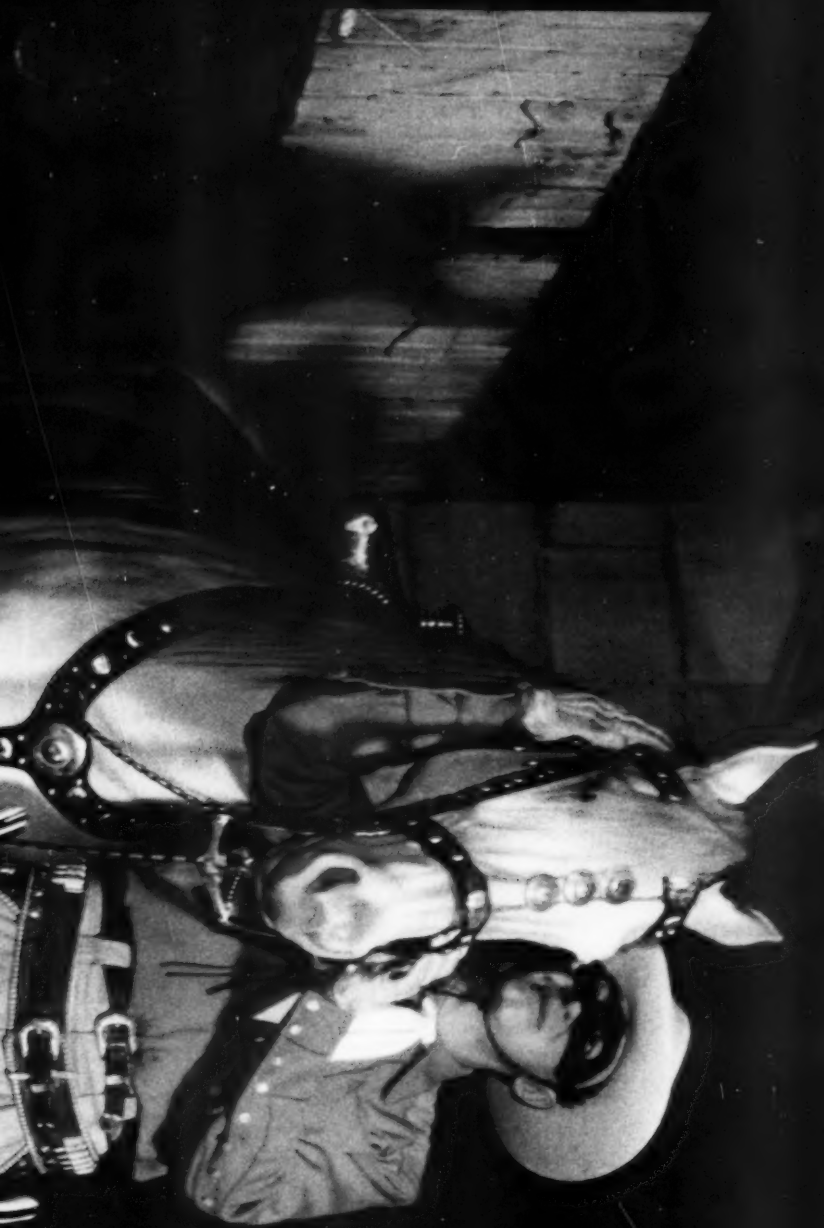
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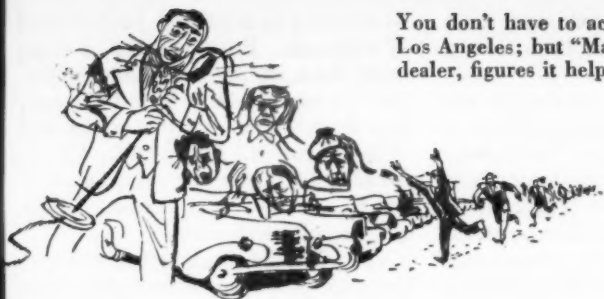
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You don't have to act crazy to succeed in Los Angeles; but "Madman" Muntz, used-car dealer, figures it helped him tremendously



The Wacky Road to Wealth

by JOHN REDDY

"MADMAN" MUNTZ, the largest used-car dealer in the world, is living, breathing evidence of the truth of the sage observation that you don't have to be crazy to get along in Los Angeles, but it certainly helps.

In a city where general wackiness often masquerades under the word "unusual," Muntz is an acknowledged master. In fact, some of his more severe critics suspect that he is largely responsible for the daffiness of a considerable portion of the population. He has driven a goodly segment of the populace nuts, these

unkind souls assert, by a seemingly endless series of musical ditties blaring from radios day and night on the quality of Muntz cars and the extent of Muntz lunacy.

Yet despite his insistent claim to insanity, Muntz is actually crazy like a fox. In a few short months his screwy advertising campaign has turned this 30-year-old ex-midget auto racer from a struggling dealer in Glendale, California, on the outskirts of Los Angeles, into the largest used-car dealer in the world. And although that title has many claimants, it is probable that Muntz is really the champ.

He set up shop as a used-car dealer in Glendale in September, 1941, with six second-hand cars he got on credit. The first month he couldn't even pay expenses and had to forfeit a car in lieu of rent.

Today he keeps about six hundred cars on his two spacious lots in Glendale and Los Angeles and does a gross business of nearly a million dollars a month. He sells some 750 cars a month at an average of better than a thousand dollars apiece. Muntz says he makes an average

Diana

There's a new movie short coming up called *Babies by Bannister*, and if it comes your way, you might look for this member of the cast, whose age, as of the date of photograph, was 18 months. Her name is Diana Jacoby and she's just one of a long line of youngsters glorified by Constance Bannister, who turned the taking of cute baby pictures into big business by figuring that nothing tugs the heart-strings better than a small child. Her products have turned up in ads and on magazine covers ever since, and when you see a fetching child's photograph thereon, you can bet it's by Bannister.

profit of 25 dollars per car, or a total of about 18,750 dollars clear a month.

The average used-car dealer, according to Muntz, makes from a hundred to two hundred dollars on each automobile, but he believes in a smaller profit and a larger turnover. This volume selling, along with his revolutionary advertising campaign, is given credit by Muntz for his amazing success.

Although most people visualize Muntz as a suspicious character followed by two men in white, he is actually a thoroughly normal citizen who might model for one of those war posters of Joe Public. He is stocky and round-faced and so quiet-spoken that he seems more like a polite necktie salesman than a madman.

THE MADMAN was born and reared in Elgin, Illinois, a bustling city of 38 thousand souls, 36 miles northwest of Chicago. From the time he was big enough to turn a crank young Earl (that's his real name) was tinkering with the Reos and Franklins that chugged sedately along the shady streets of Elgin in those days. He quit high school when he was 15 years old to work for his father, William Muntz, who sold and repaired radio sets. However, young Muntz longed to tinker with bigger things than broken radio sets. By the time he was 21 he blossomed out in the used-car business and was tearing around the dusty tracks of Midwest county fairs in speedy little midget racers he built himself and called "Muntz Specials."

By 1937, he had the Chrysler-Plymouth agency in Elgin and

branches in nearby Joliet and Woodstock. But he was having more luck racing cars than selling them, and in 1941 he found his automobile business on the rocks and himself broke. Disgusted, Muntz decided to move into some locality where there was a keener appreciation of used cars.

He picked Los Angeles, because this city has more automobiles per capita than any other city in the world. Despite his brash decision to crash the precarious scramble of the Los Angeles used-car business, Muntz capily decided to ease himself quietly in the back door. He staked out a lot in neighboring Glendale, just close enough to hear the hoarse shouts from the hurly-burly of the Los Angeles lots.

The Los Angeles dealers were a swashbuckling crew, so it is small wonder in that boisterous company that it occasioned only a bored yawn or two when Earl William Muntz, a solid citizen out of Elgin, Illinois, picked a Glendale street corner, polished up his six cars and awaited developments.

Muntz waited patiently but nothing happened. Then, a couple of months after he opened his modest lot, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Military supplies immediately got top priority in the Pacific and a shipment of 13 right-hand drive automobiles bound for the Orient, including a Lincoln sedan intended for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, were unceremoniously dumped off in Los Angeles. They fell into Muntz' clutches and a couple of newspapers ran feature stories on the unusual cars. Flocks of people trekked to Glendale to see the Generalissimo's Lincoln and

lingered to buy Muntz bargains. That gave him his second wind and—more important—some ideas on the value of advertising.

Not long afterwards, Muntz' path crossed that of Mike Shore, a 25-year-old night-club impresario who had just given up running a Hollywood rhumba emporium called the *Trinidad*. Shore was the advertising prodigy who had turned an Italian dealer named Tony Holzer into the best-known automobile man in New York under the name of "The Smiling Irishman!" After his experience in the wilds of a rumba palace Mike was beating a hasty retreat back to the advertising business as an account executive when he met Muntz.

Muntz, who was still selling cars on the momentum of the publicity from the Gissimo's undelivered Lincoln, dug deep into his jeans, took a long breath and told Shore to shoot the works. Mike did.

Within a matter of days, the ears of southern California listeners were being assaulted by a deluge of radio announcements declaring that one "Madman" Muntz was selling cars so cheap he must be insane. The population winced but bought cars. Night and day the attack went on.

Mike bought 90 to 97 one-minute spots daily on the 13 major radio stations in southern California with which to bombard the public with his crazy jingles. Before long Muntz was spending 3,500 dollars a week on radio time alone and about 40 thousand dollars monthly altogether on advertising.

No matter which way they turned, Los Angeles citizens would be confronted with the name Muntz. Radio harped that M-U-N-T-Z

spells Muntz until listeners were N-U-T-Z. In self-defense one dealer finally advertised: "I'm not crazy but I do have good used cars."

Muntz' advertising blitzkrieg sold cars even though occasionally it palled on the nerves of some of the more sensitive. Muntz was threatened publicly and privately, sued, denounced and his manager was arrested, but still the wacky plugs went on.

ABOUT THE TIME the Madman was vowing from countless signboards and radio lyrics that he wanted to "give 'em away," his manager, Don Adams, was arrested on a charge of trying to sell a used car to an Army lieutenant at 760 dollars over the OPA ceiling price.

A Los Angeles newspaper caroled gaily:

HE HIKE THE CEILING PRICE JUST ONCE
TOO OFTEN, SELLING CARS FOR MUNTZ

Adams was fined five hundred dollars and given a six months' suspended sentence. Even this failed to daunt Muntz, although the *Portland-Oregonian* chuckled, "It's things like that that probably drove the Madman mad."

However, Muntz remains serenely oblivious of the barbs sometimes directed at him by the press. One southern California paper recently complained editorially:

"Muntz has done more to return people to work following the flu epidemic than sulfa drugs. They get tired of staying home and listening to his radio announcements. Radio repair men have reported a greater volume of fixing up smashed sets hurled at defenseless walls than in many years. Frankly for muntz and muntz we've been waiting to

meet Muntz so we could puntz Muntz."

"They may drive people nuts," Muntz retorted, grinning, "but look at all the cars they sell."

Look is right! Business is so brisk that once, in the confusion, a man bought a car from Muntz' Glendale lot in the morning, drove it down to his Los Angeles lot in the afternoon and sold it back to the Madman at a hundred dollar profit.

Two months after opening his radio onslaught, Muntz was selling cars so fast he decided to elbow his way into the cheerful homicide of Figueroa Street, Los Angeles' "Automobile Row."

He moved into a large building formerly owned by Charles S. Howard, Seabiscuit's owner and probably the only automobile man who ever became famous through a horse. With the building Muntz also acquired two large lots on either side of Figueroa Street which he promptly renamed "Muntz Boulevard" in his advertising, drawing howls of anguish from his rivals and icy stares from the city fathers.

Hardly had this outcry from the Madman's automotive neighbors died down than signboards sprouted throughout Los Angeles announcing Muntz as the largest used-car dealer in the world.

This came as quite a start to the Kelley Kar Company, a venerable institution which had been in business in Los Angeles for 26 years and was cheerfully advertising that *it* was the world's biggest dealer. The Kelley company protested to the Better Business Bureau, demanding that this interloper prove his statement or take down his billboards.

Muntz promptly produced his

figures for one month showing a tremendous volume of business. The Better Business Bureau refused to accept the figures, however, saying that they would have to cover a year's time to be official. Muntz then agreed to stop claiming that he was the world's largest dealer until he had backed it up with figures covering a full year. So his next signboard portrayed the Madman in his now familiar red underwear, Napoleon hat and spurred cowboy boots, saying: "I buy 'em retail, sell 'em wholesale—MORE FUN THAT WAY!"

At this, the Better Business Bureau wrote Muntz a letter, fairly sputtering: "We have seen this billboard and to say that we were astounded is putting it mildly. In our opinion it violates all the ethics of good advertising. It is ridiculous on the face of it because it is a well-known fact that such a procedure, as outlined on this billboard, is impossible. It violates the Copy and Censorship Rules of the newspapers; it violates the Truth in Advertising Code and it violates the rules that dictate the policies of decent business."

This merely caused Muntz to shrug and opine, "It probably does, but just look at where it got me."

It's got him, at present, ensconced in a palatial office where soft lighting casts a pale glow over the redwood-paneled walls and the red leather-covered furniture.

If you touch the redwood walls in a certain place they open with a mysterious medieval-castle effect, revealing a well-stocked bar. Casual visitors expecting to find the Madman out on the lot in overalls wrestling with a greasy differential are

usually startled to find him in his cozy bar mixing drinks for celebrities. Other features of the office are a large wardrobe closet and a tiled bathroom with a shower.

Muntz lives in comparable splendor in Encino, a swanky suburb of Los Angeles, in a rambling, California ranch-style house with a swimming pool and an acre of landscaped grounds. His neighbors are movie and radio entertainers.

His attractive blonde wife, Marjorie, was a school teacher in Elgin before they were married at Miami, Florida, in 1939. They have a three-year-old son, Jimmy, named for the late Jimmy Snyder, an old racing companion of Muntz and one of the country's famous drivers, who was killed in a track crash at Kankakee, Illinois.

Another pal of Muntz' racing days, Art Sparks, is now a partner of the Madman in a war plant, the Muntz-Sparks Tool and Die Manufacturing Company of Pasadena which makes tools and dies. Muntz himself spends 35 hours a week working at this plant.

In addition to his war work, Muntz presented the Army Air Forces with a Scarab, a futuristic car

which set the Madman back 13,500 dollars. Air Force officials promptly renamed it a "Wacmobile" and use it for recruiting Air Wacs.

Now, Muntz is taking steps toward laying the groundwork for a chain of big used-car lots in major cities across the country.

The Madman thinks that he has become the world's largest used-car dealer despite the war, not because of it. He thinks that after the war his business will grow much bigger. But as might be expected, the Madman has even bigger ideas than merely selling used cars in the post-war era. He's going to apply the Muntz' blitzkrieg technique to selling Lockheed planes, and has already arranged with the manufacturer for distributorship.

"I think that planes will sell just like cars after the war," Muntz predicts. "The Lockheed assembly lines that are now turning out P-38 fighters will be turning out air flivvers that will sell from a thousand to 15 hundred dollars and will land at 20 miles an hour. And think of the advertising possibilities. I can have a whole sky full of skywriters tracing out M-U-N-T-Z spells Muntz!"

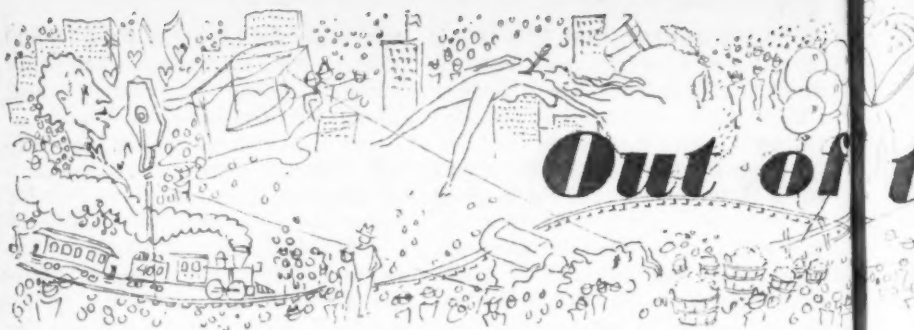


Promoted Out of Business

A PARATROOPER OF THE 137th Division thought it would be a wonderful idea to send roses to his fiancée on her birthday—one for each year. He sent the order to his hometown florist with a card enclosure saying, "One rose for each precious year of your life." Seeing the order but not the card, the florist remarked to his assistant: "He's a good customer, and I think he's getting married soon—so throw in another dozen roses."

The wedding has been postponed.

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER



It's a wide world and an interesting one and the material about its people and happenings is apt to crowd an editor out from behind his desk. Therein lies his dilemma: how can he give his readers the cream of the current crop of articles in the least possible space? Answer: this new section of Coronet—six pages of capsule reading which you should find brief, to the point and memorable.



A PRETTY secretary, who had just quarrelled with her beau, came home from work one day to find a 50 pound cake of ice on the front porch of her Brooklyn home. Atop it was a card which read: "I sure hope this cools you off in a hurry." It was signed "Alfred". There was also a credit line in discreetly small print: "This is another one of 1001 SERVICES."

Guiding spirit and idea man of 1001 SERVICES is William L. Boyce, a benign, bespectacled fellow in his fifties who used to be a traveling salesman.

"A friend of mine, Miss Georgia Phillips," he explains, "ran an employment agency that used to get

lots of calls for people to walk dogs, take care of children for an evening or act as a fourth at bridge. I suggested she set up a regular department to handle calls of that nature, and the next thing I knew I was running it myself.

"I guess the one job that really sold me on the proposition," says Boyce, "was when a woman came to us pretty much worried because she was going to get married to a man of good social position here in New York. She didn't have a friend in the city to invite to the wedding, and it made her feel bad.

"We hired a dozen tall, handsome men from a dancing studio, put them into striped pants and cutaways and sent them to the wedding with instructions to treat the bride as a dear old friend. They paid flattering attention to her, kissed her after the ceremony and dazzled the guests with elegance.

"The lady paid us a bonus, she was that tickled with the results."

For a wealthy businessman in love with his secretary the agency had a well-known song writer dash off some romantic lyrics and music, using the young lady's name. Then they hired a singer to croon it to her over the phone with a credit to

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cator boards in the front of the legislative chamber show by means of a green light for the "aye" vote and a red one for the "no," just how the members are voting. If, after consulting the board, a member should desire to change his vote, he may do so by pressing a special button. The Speaker has a miniature vote register which tabulates the correct tally, and as soon as he has announced the vote closed, he shuts off the circuit which locks the voters' buttons against further operation.

Although many states use a similar apparatus to speed up legislative procedure, Congress still adheres to the old method.

—AL P. NELSON



WHILE THE LATE Julian E. Gillespie was Commercial Attaché to Turkey, he set out, on one occasion, to make a "proper gesture" toward Mustapha Kemal Pasha, head of the Turkish republic. Highly impressed by his diplomatic visitor, Kemal Pasha was completely won over and expanded on his plans for the country.

During the conversation, he dropped the casual remark that in modernizing the nation he intended to forbid the wearing of the fez and to change from the Arabic to the English type alphabet as a boost to education. Trade-minded Gillespie pricked up his ears and hastened to meet the professor who was already working on the changes.

Having copied off the letters and diacritical markings, he found out from the president the exact date the new alphabet would go into effect. This information he rushed to every American typewriter manufacturer. At least a month before the sweeping changes were announced, one enterprising company had a few hundred machines held in bond in Turkish warehouses. These went into shop windows the day the alphabet went into use.

To top it off, Gillespie learned from Kemal Pasha the final deadline for the fez, and spread the news among American hat makers. Turkey suddenly became the greatest outlet in the world for slightly out-of-fashion American hats. Spurred on by this success, American manufacturers sought wider markets, and soon even Central American Indians were sporting derbies and toppers as a step toward social prestige.

—FRED C. KELLY



ON THE NIGHT of November seventh, Secret Service operatives will be ready to rush to Thomas E. Dewey's side, should the Republican candidate be elected President. In such an eventuality, until he is no longer President of the United States, Dewey will have at least one operative within a few feet of him, no matter where he is or what he is doing.

Since the assassination of William McKinley, whose death brought about the federal law creating the

Presidential detail, the United States Secret Service has been responsible for the personal safety of all Presidents-elect from the hour they are voted into office.

Theodore Roosevelt, who as vice-president under McKinley ascended to the Presidency, gave the operatives some bad moments with his total disregard for personal safety and his unpredictable behavior while addressing crowds. Calvin Coolidge used to play sly pranks on the Presidential detail by pressing secret emergency signal buttons in the White House.

No President has been more cooperative than Franklin D. Roosevelt although his extensive domestic and foreign travels during wartime have confronted the Secret Service with the widest variety of precautionary problems. And Woodrow Wilson was probably the least helpful, often taking a walk with the First Lady in a lashing rain without divulging his plans, thus forcing Secret Service men to trail along without a chance to dress for the storm.

—EVELYN DOBBS HYND



AN HABITUAL DRUNKARD, who happened to be a key man in a war plant, was up for sentence before a Trenton police magistrate. The judge, who had sentenced the man several times in the past, realized that the defendant, while a roisterer at night was, during the day, an indispensable man on the home front. So His Honor sentenced the defendant to 21 nights

in jail but permitted him to work at his job during the day.

On the very first night the prisoner worker didn't check in at the jail. He didn't, in fact, arrive until four the next morning, stiff. The judge and officials of the war plant went into a huddle and Jersey justice triumphed. The plant officials agreed to deliver the indispensable man to jail each night and call for him each morning.

—EDYTHE CAMPBELL



AN ARTIST who paints with "lights" is how Douglas Leigh, Lt. USNR describes himself. He has elaborate plans for lighting up Broadway again after the war.

Felix the Cat, the animated cartoon which was a popular pre-war traffic-stopper is coming back—in technicolor. Instead of chasing a feline lovely o'er hill and dale, however, Felix will play the know-it-all sleuth and battle it out against the minions of evil high up on a roof, in full view of the passing parade.

A soft-drink sign has been devised which will effervesce gas-filled balloons. Spectators who capture these "bubbles" may find tickets inside entitling them to free soda pop. Bubble effects will also be used in soap advertisements. A beautiful lady in lights will shampoo her hair atop a building, fluffing off crystal-clear bubbles.

Another project calls for a huge orange, 20 feet in diameter, which

drips "juice" into a building-tall glass. People entering the building appear to be walking into a gigantic orangeade. A similar display will be an immense beer goblet—again a building front—into which is flowing an inviting stream of suds from a tap in the sky, complete with foam. One façade is to be converted into an amber-glowing perfume bottle. From the top of the "bottle" a delicate scent will be released, imbuing Broadway with a subtle fragrance. The odor will change with the seasons—a strong woody scent for fall, a minty tang for winter, mild floral for spring and a stronger emanation for summer.

The illusion of a third dimension will be created in many signs by overlapping layers of different-colored lights. Polarized glasses will be distributed to passersby who can thus obtain heightened effects not apparent to the naked eye.

There is even a possibility, admittedly somewhat remote at the moment, that one or more of the Times Square roof-tops may be a nesting place for helicopters.

Before the war a squad of electricians patrolled Broadway from sunset to one a.m. replacing dead lamps. The maintenance men of the future will be equipped with walkie-talkies so they can report their whereabouts and requirements to each other.

When the general dim-out was declared two years ago, people wondered how Leigh would fare. It so happens that all but one of his signs were retained at reduced rentals for their daylight value and to hold priority rights. He also erected 13 immense mechanical signs for Camel cigarettes throughout the

country. The signs show a serviceman smoking and emitting genuine, huge smoke-rings.

Leigh's domain covers the territory from Times Square to Columbus Circle and stays within the narrow confines of Broadway and Seventh Avenue. He and his technical director, Fred B. Kerwer, have complete control over every sign in that region. He owns 20 spaces outright, which are valued at a half million dollars.

He still has his eye on Gibraltar as a potential spot for an illuminated ad. If he had his way, the Rock would be a shining beacon of security to all passing ships.

When a rival advertising company heard of this impressive plan, they announced they intended to lease the Pyramids in Egypt for their displays. Leigh countered with the revelation that he had an option on the White Cliffs of Dover for his flashing brilliance. Could be.

—PAUL D. GREENE



ALWAYS A PEOPLE ready to make a good trade, Americans are swapping today as they haven't swapped since the Indians traded Manhattan Island to Peter Minuit for a few trinkets.

The principal bulletin board for swap shoppers is classified advertising page. The lineage of "Wanted To Trade" ads in the press doubled last year, running second only to "Help Wanted."

A man in San Francisco asked

to hear from someone with a lawn mower to swap for a typewriter. A South Carolina farmer wanted to trade two 300-pound porkers for a secondhand car. A West Virginia sportsman said he couldn't go bird hunting until a huntsman traded him 12-gauge shotgun shells for the 20-gauge shells he had on hand.

Household and sporting goods are most frequently advertised for swap, with farm implements and women's apparel listed almost as often in the wanted-to-trade ads.

The ads of John Spencer Redshaw of Granville, Ill., who operates what is probably the largest swap-by-mail shop in the United States, got more than 700 offers from this ad: "What have you to trade for a \$3,000 automobile?"

The Parent-Teacher Association sponsors the Atlanta, Ga., Shoe Swap Shop, where already some 6,000 patrons have effected satisfactory trades in footwear. All shoes are fumigated, with the date of disinfection marked on them. The shoe swap plan has been commended by OPA officials, who estimate there are 50 million outgrown but still wearable shoes which could be placed in circulation again.

Moreover, barter houses are being operated today in practically every city with a population of 150 thousand or more.

Patrons pay the management a fee for listing and exhibiting items they want to swap. Then when a swap shopper, examining the list, finds what he wants—and provided he has what the listee wants—they get together and effect the trade.

Market centers of small towns, usually sponsored by the local Home Demonstration or 4-H Club, offer

such useful items as canned fruits and vegetables, cured pork, cattle, farm and home equipment. There are some 3,200 such markets in the U. S. today, half of them established since the war.

—KIN MCNEIL



I N 1936 I had as a guest a young lady who was especially interested in the subject of crime. At that time, I was doing research for a series of factual murder mysteries for a national magazine. The young lady—a writer herself—asked me what elements, in my opinion, comprised a murder mystery of the greatest interest to the reading public. My answer was a case in which an attractive girl of social or professional standing is criminally assaulted, then murdered, by a person who is caught only after astute detective work.

When the young lady left that evening, she said to me in jest, "I might arrange to have myself assaulted and strangled—just so you could include the story in your series."

One night several weeks later I received the greatest shock of my life when I heard the newscaster saying that a young lady named Nancy Titterton had been found criminally assaulted and murdered in her New York apartment. The same Nancy Titterton, whose murder was eventually solved by astute detective work, was the girl who had spoken to me in jest about her own murder—exactly the way it later happened.

—ALAN HYND

An ace political reporter predicts that Russia will be wanting peace and security after this war, not a Europe of revolution and upheaval



The Odds on a Communist Europe

by FREDERICK KUH

BEFORE WRITING this article, I discussed it with members of the British war cabinet, American and Allied diplomats, the President of Czechoslovakia, the Prime Minister of Poland and others. I've plagiarized some of their ideas and rejected others, but the umpiring, in case you have any pop bottles handy, is mine.

What does Russia want out of this war, anyhow?

The world abounds with jumpy maiden ladies of both sexes who leap on chairs and clutch their skirts as they hear the swish of the bolshevik spook in Europe's black-out. It's becoming harder, though, to persuade anyone that Russia really has her dragnet out for most or all of Europe. What Stalin asks is that the Soviet Union shall again have approximately the same boundaries as three years ago when the Nazis attacked—boundaries less extensive than the czar's.

But Russia's influence will stretch beyond her borders. Her prestige and power stand high since her armies stultified the prophets, beat back the Germans and paralyzed

Japanese forces that were long kept ready to march into Siberia. Will the USSR abuse this influence as all great powers have done at moments in their history?

Influence does not necessarily mean domination. Britain has enjoyed great influence in countries which she never had the slightest intention of mastering—for instance in France, Belgium, Holland and Scandinavia, all of which were free and independent until Hitler subjugated them. But Britain consistently used her influence to prevent any other strong power from establishing itself in those lands. With allowances for geographical and other differences, the U. S. is committed to thwart any foreign power which tries to transform a segment of Latin-America into a spring-board against us.

There are strong signs that Russia wants the same kind of safety that Britain and the United States expect from their variations on the Monroe Doctrine. There are specific sectors of Europe that in our lifetime have been used by other powers, first to intrigue against the

Soviet Union and then to launch war on it. Use of Poland, the Baltic States, the Balkans or even of Germany itself as catspaws against the USSR began when the bolsheviks seized power 27 years ago, and never entirely ceased.

Stalin wants to prevent a return to that ugly situation. That's why he speaks of "friendly governments" in Poland, Czechoslovakia and other countries that could form part of a new anti-Soviet coalition.

TAKE CZECHOSLOVAKIA: for the exiled leaders of that state have gone farthest in anticipating and shaping their post-war relationship with Russia. Like Britain, Czechoslovakia has signed a 20-year military alliance with Moscow. You may say, "Britain is distant and able to look after herself, but what of the small Czechoslovak nation? Won't she become a Soviet coolie?"

Russia's influence *will* be felt in Czechoslovakia. But President Benes does not fear Soviet overlordship in his country. Nor is he afraid of homemade communism. He foresees the Czechoslovak state playing a greater part than formerly in the national economy, but with a continuance of private enterprise under a National Front government reaching from communists to conservative farmers. For a thousand years the lands which later came to be Czechoslovakia looked to the west; now they will incline more to the east. What does this mean in terms of trade? Before this war, Russia accounted for only two and a half per cent of Czechoslovak exports and two per cent of her imports. The plan is to raise both these figures to

about 15 per cent. Another 35 per cent of Czechoslovak commerce would be conducted with the Middle East, India and China, and the remaining 50 per cent with the west.

If that is what we can expect from Russia in an immediate neighboring state, the threat of bolshevik domination seems to wane in countries farther removed.

The key to mastery of Europe is Germany, however. Will Russia plunge into a scrimmage with Britain and the United States to come out on top in the Reich? Any outsider controlling Germany will have gone far towards dominating Europe. German technology is second only to that of the United States. Even if we dismantle her war industries, Germany's skill and experience are still hers for keeps.

Now, does Stalin want Germany in his, and only his pocket after the war? Does he wish the Reich to go communist?

There are reasons to doubt that.

Suppose you're nursing a terrible grievance against a neighbor, Herr Schmalz. Your temper breaks and you storm across the lawn and into his home, not just to give him a piece of your mind but to teach him a lesson that will stick. And what do you find? Fallen desperately ill, Schmalz, the old heathen, is repenting on his deathbed and embracing your religion. As you stride in, he turns on his pillow, smiles wanly and murmurs an invitation to dinner, adding, "And we have your favorite dish, minced bourgeois." Confess that such a scene might throw you off your stride.

Russia might prefer to be spared this embarrassment.

For Russia wants German power

shattered. Her aim is a Reich that will long stay weak, incapable of another June 22, 1941. On Stalin's orders the Soviet ambassador in London, Fyodor Gusev, has proposed to Britain and the United States that the entire German army be treated as prisoners-of-war. Why? So that these millions of Germans shall at once be available as forced labor to repair the ruin they wrought in the Soviet Union.

Would Stalin believe in Germany's deathbed conversion? He has said that he notices no German communists at the front.

In 1941, in Moscow, Stalin remarked to the late General Sikorski, "I would hesitate again to put my faith in a German communist, because he is likely to be a German nationalist first."

Even if Germany were to embrace communism after the war, it does not follow at all that she would march in step with Russia. We all know that Soviet communism has undergone great changes since the bolshevik revolution. Abortion was declared illegal. Rank was restored in the army. The Comintern was dissolved, the orthodox church reinstated. Officer-cadet academies, suppressed when czarism was overthrown, have been reopened. The socialist bastion of State ownership of production and distribution still stands, but if Rip van Lenin returned he would hardly recognize the old place.

History suggests that if, at the close of the war, German workers and soldiers rebel under the red flag in the flush of revolution they will strike along paths of radicalism, perhaps of Trotskyism. A communist Germany could conceivably

pursue policies that would collide with those of Russia today.

I've heard some Allied policy-makers advance another argument against the likelihood of Russia encouraging or engineering a German communist revolution. A Soviet Germany, this argument runs, could become a federated republic inside an enlarged Soviet Union, or she could remain a separate German state. In either case the contention is that the German people, with their higher level of schooling, industrial experience and wealth of technical knowledge, would in the long run eclipse Russia and become a powerful German soviet republic.

This theory's validity is doubtful. Germany is going into a phase of decline for many years after this war, and during that interval the Soviet Union can make up the lag and outdistance the Reich in many fields, for she has more than twice Germany's population and infinitely larger and more diversified resources.

THERE IS A final and perhaps decisive motive for Stalin to refrain from imposing Soviet dominance on Germany. He knows that the rise of a Soviet Germany on the road to a communist Europe, or any Russian-controlled Europe, would incite bitter American and British antagonism. Given security, peace and a fair place among the nations, the Soviet Union could turn with unprecedented energy to developing the country's riches. The Soviet peoples' way of life, which until now has always been subordinated to military preparedness, could go places. But if Russia were

to bid for mastery over Germany and then over Europe, the resultant tension between the USSR and the English-speaking peoples would bring just another armed truce, and the peace which the Soviet Union needs would once more be in jeopardy.

In arguing the improbability of Russian domination over Europe or Asia, I may be charged with the zoological naïveté of mistaking the bear for a lamb. There is no fleece on Stalin. I have simply underlined considerations that militate against Soviet Bonapartism. Will the USSR try to dominate Europe? My answer is no. But I would make that prophecy subject to one condition.

If the Russians believe we are going to be soft towards the Nazis or German militarists in order to assure a "safe and orderly" Reich, we shall have begun whizzing down the toboggan. In November, 1942, after the British started their victorious offensive at El Alamein, they captured General Ritter von Thoma, commander of the German Afrika Korps. General Montgomery invited his prisoner-of-war to a tasty breakfast and a couple of days later British newspapers published photographs of Monty shaking hands with von Thoma.

This may be magnificent, but to the Russians it is not war. To them,

General von Thoma is an unrepentant Nazi and the incident led them to wonder whether we shall not some day grasp the hands of Rommel and Co.

If we in the west step in to rescue toppling reactionaries, German fascists or generals, Russia will not understand. If either directly or through China or European States we start weaving a new anti-Soviet coalition, all bets are off.

In the inter-war years our cold-shouldering of Russia and attempts by some forces, for instance by British appeasers, to divert the aggressiveness of Germany and Japan against the Soviets prompted Russia to turn inward.

If un wisdom prevails, that might recur. Next time, being incomparably more confident in her power than she was then, Russian influence abroad might turn outward and could become domination. That, I submit, would be a policy of despair, adopted with the repugnance that filled Molotov when he signed the pact with Ribbentrop in the Kremlin a week before Hitler gave the command to march into Poland.

Today, rivalry between Russia and ourselves can be averted. Only such rivalry can provoke Russia to walk out on the Concert of Powers and shoot the works.

Nary a Bite

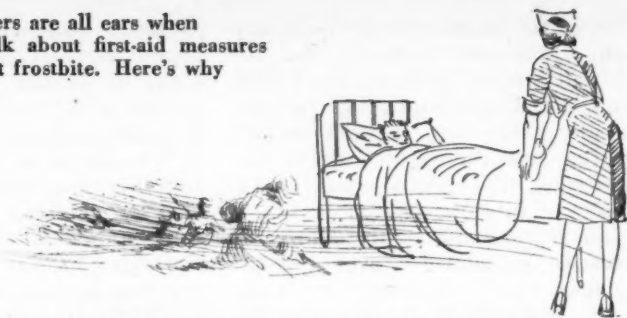


AN OLD COWBOY went to the city and registered at a hotel for the first time in his life. The clerk asked him if he wanted a room with running water.

"Hell, no!" the cowboy yelled. "What do you think I am, a trout?"

—ERNE PYLE

American air gunners are all ears when Flight Surgeons talk about first-aid measures in the battle against frostbite. Here's why



What Science Knows About Frostbite

by ELMER W. PETERSON

I DIDN'T LET you down. I tried to keep my gun going. But I couldn't do anything with my hands after they were frozen." So wrote one hospitalized member of a Flying Fortress to his buddies. That American boy had a very specific reason for his feeling of helplessness. He hadn't let anyone down, but he had run across a really vicious enemy—frostbite, the kind sustained in those violently sub-zero temperatures which our airmen must at times endure.

Frostbite still is a major problem in war, with a great capacity to maim and cripple. Even in suggested methods of first aid, one encounters contradictions. Considerable progress has been made in prevention (scientifically-fashioned clothing, for example), but we still have a long way to go before medical science can claim any real triumph over frostbite.

Airmen, men of the Navy and Merchant Marine who have sailed into Arctic waters or across the North Atlantic in the dead of winter—these fighters know that it's something to fear. Not long

ago I witnessed a Flight Surgeon's lecture to airmen stationed in Britain. He talked of first-aid measures in high altitude raids. Young American air gunners sprawled in their chairs as they listened. But these same airmen sat up straight, alive with interest, at the mention of frostbite.

"We had a case like this, sir," one related. "Our tail gunner took off a glove to fix his gun. Before he could get his glove back on, his hand was frozen. What should we have done to help him?"

"There's not much you could do," the Flight Surgeon had to admit. "About all you can do in a case like that is cover a man up so he's as warm as possible, and wait until he can be given medical attention on the ground. Don't try rubbing his hand. If it's badly frozen, that might be dangerous."

"And what if we do get frost-bitten?"

"There's a good chance that you're finished with combat flying. We might save your hand or foot once. It's doubtful if we could if they were frozen a second time."

It should be made clear that the reference here is to what is known as true frostbite, as distinct from such related conditions as "trench-foot," so common in the fixed-position fighting of the last war, and "immersion-foot," an affliction frequently suffered by shipwreck victims who spend long periods in water-logged boats or on life rafts.

TRUE FROSTBITE may be either gradual or sudden. It may occur on exposed skin, or on well-clothed parts of the body. It may develop when exposed skin is brought into contact with cold metal during exceptionally cold weather. Usually there's a burning sensation, followed by a pleasant feeling of numbness when the skin becomes blanched. In many instances, no harm is done provided a warm hand is immediately applied to the affected area, or if one proceeds indoors without delay. Otherwise, the thawing out process develops a red patch around the frozen area, and possibly itching and swelling. In severe cases, blistering and deep gangrene may develop. Where the tissue has been damaged irreparably, amputation becomes necessary.

Modern first aid is concerned chiefly with things *not* to do. That old tradition of rubbing frostbitten limbs with snow must be avoided; in fact, even gentle rubbing, without snow, may be harmful to the skin. Of course, sudden applications of heat, direct or indirect, are to be avoided. It is now well established that any heat greater than body temperature is dangerous.

Emphasis now is on cooling frostbitten areas. One of the latest

experiments consist in keeping the frostbitten or chilled limb at a temperature just above the freezing point—in effect, letting it thaw out gradually, while the rest of the body is given rest and warmth.

Special therapeutic refrigerators have been designed for this purpose. This use of cold to treat damage caused by cold may sound paradoxical, but it's based on sound principle. It permits the patient's general body condition to be restored—especially important where exposure has been protracted. Treatment of the affected limb then becomes a part of the general recovery, through restoration of normal blood temperature and improved circulation. Damaged tissues are given a better chance to recover and the danger of spreading infection is minimized. The theory is that the unwise application of heat or warmth aggravates most complications that follow.

The cooling method has also been used with good results on victims of "immersion foot," a sort of first cousin of frostbite. Many a shipwrecked victim of this war has been rescued with his feet numb, swollen and clammy, sometimes with the skin blistered or cracked open. The condition is not unlike the "trench foot" of the last war, and it occurs even in temperatures above freezing. Effective treatment in these cases has been found to consist of keeping the affected areas at a low temperature, while suitable measures are applied to combat fatigue, the general state of chill and impaired circulation.

Where human control is possible, recent wartime experiences have demonstrated once more that frost-

bite usually is preventable. In air combat, electrically heated suits have proved their effectiveness, although there is the risk that the supply of electricity may be interrupted. The clothing worn by our flying men has been scientifically designed, from flying boots to headgear, with the emphasis on providing warmth through layers of imprisoned air.

The Russians have proved adept in properly equipping their soldiers against cold. They knew that tight socks are as dangerous as tight boots. Red Army soldiers fought through raging blizzards and in deadly cold, wearing flexible felt boots, at a time when Hitler's men stumbled about in frozen leather. The Russian had his sheepskin and fur-lined garments when the Germans were sending a strange miscellany of commandeered civilian clothing to their front lines in Russia. The Russians, too, knew the value of keeping clothing dry, of sleeping in a fully reclined instead of a hunched-over position, of moving about at all times when forced to face the full impact of sub-zero weather.

Amputation for frostbite, it has

been learned, is something that should be resorted to only after proper patience in treatment. In the last war hundreds of unnecessary amputations were made because frozen hands and feet became alarmingly black in appearance. Now it's realized that gangrenous skin may conceal healthy arteries and tissue. Important studies have also been made on the effect of anemia or nutritional deficiencies in rendering some people susceptible to frostbite. Blood transfusions have proved helpful in some cases. Airmen's ground tests to determine general ability to withstand high altitudes have minimized the danger of severe cold to our airmen.

Flight Surgeons have been following up earlier experiments which show that when the supply of oxygen is deficient, blood moves away from the skin to help more important organs of the body. The skin then becomes more liable to frostbite, not only because the blood is carrying less oxygen, but because the skin gets less blood. Out of this war, therefore, we are acquiring extensive knowledge about frostbite; but it's still a problem, baffling in many respects.

Measure for Measure

LLOYD GEORGE was debating with a newcomer in Britain's House of Commons. He was winning his argument rather handily, when his ruffled opponent scoffed, "I had heard so much about Mr. Lloyd George that I expected to meet a big man in every sense. But I must confess that I am greatly disappointed to find him so very small in stature."

With a shriveling glance, the peppery little Prime Minister replied: "I am grieved to find that the gentleman from South Wales is disappointed in my size. In North Wales we measure a man from his chin up, but he evidently measures him from the chin down!"

—LOUIS HIRSCH

Going the GI Rounds



Johnny was going through that familiar phase when life is just a bunch of questions. "Papa," he asked curiously, "does bigamy mean that a man has one wife too many?"

The old man rubbed his head thoughtfully. "Not necessarily, my son. A man can have one wife too many and still not be a bigamist."

Hunching over his plate, the restaurant patron called to the waiter. "Please close the window," he said nervously. "I'm afraid this steak will blow away."

Proudly sporting his new decoration, the beaming young hero was vividly relating his experiences to a magazine editor.

"On the ninth day," he recounted a trifle self-consciously, "we ate our rubber boots."

"Provisions ran out, eh?" queried the editor with a marked show of interest.

"Oh, no," answered the lad. "We had plenty to eat. But I thought it might add interest to my story."

Pleasantly mellow after a Saturday night in town, the old farmer nodded comfortably on the wagon seat as the horse picked its way home over the familiar country road. Suddenly the animal stumbled and fell. Jolted into action, the old man threatened and cajoled in turn, but the horse either

would not or could not get to its feet. At last the farmer had enough.

"Dang your hide," he bawled savagely. "Get up there or I'll drive right over you."

In order to classify the new pupil, the teacher was asking him a few key questions.

"Who gave us this beautiful school?"

"President Roosevelt," was the matter-of-fact reply.

"Who gave us our wonderful cross-country highways?"

"President Roosevelt."

"Who makes the trees grow and the flowers bloom?"

This time the lad answered, "God."

Immediately a voice piped up from the rear, "Throw that Republican out!"

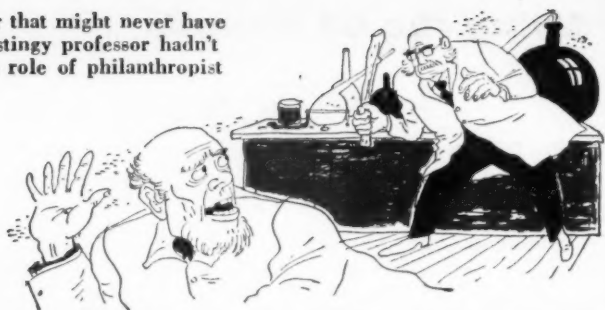
He was a modern judge, wise in the ways of discipline.

"I'm going to give you the maximum punishment," he announced to the crestfallen defendant. "I'm not going to put you in our nice jail. I'm going to let you go free and worry about taxes, shortages, rationing, unemployment, politics, war, post-war and everything—just like the rest of us."

"Pa, dear," wheedled the fond mama, "Bobbie's teacher wrote us a note saying he must have an Encyclopedia."

"Encyclopedia, heck!" growled dad. "Let him walk to school like I did."

The story of a murder that might never have been discovered if a stingy professor hadn't suddenly assumed the role of philanthropist



When Death Walked the Harvard Yard

by ARCHIE McFEDRIES

DR. GEORGE PARKMAN was a celebrated Boston physician, scholar and bargain-driver who bore more than a passing resemblance to Ebenezer Scrooge, the tightwad of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. There were people who swore by him, and there were people who swore at him.

In the year of 1848, when he was 58, Dr. Parkman donated to Harvard University, his alma mater, a fine new building on the banks of the Charles River in Boston, to house the Massachusetts Medical College. No less a personage than Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the renowned anatomist and poet, was Parkman's personal choice for dean of the institution. Parkman was, among other things, a social snob, and the professors and others whom he chose for posts at the college were selected with such regard for family background that it became a standing *bon mot* in Boston that even Ephraim Littlefield, the janitor, must have had some blue blood in his veins.

Despite the fact that the Massachusetts Medical College was

under the control of Harvard University, once it had been donated, Dr. Parkman maintained an increasingly proprietary interest in the institution. Late of a night, when the fog horns blew through the thick mists of the Charles River, Dr. Holmes and the other scientists, still working, were never surprised to hear Parkman's cab rattling to a stop on the cobblestones outside.

At 9 o'clock on the fateful gray morning of Friday, November 23, 1849 the door knocker sounded in Dr. Parkman's mansion on fashionable Walnut Street in Cambridge. The butler was about to answer the summons when Parkman intercepted him. "I'll go," he said. "I know who it is."

The butler caught but a fleeting glimpse of the man at the door, whom Dr. Parkman did not invite inside. The visitor wore mutton-chop whiskers and rectangular eyeglasses—hardly distinguishing features in those days—and the servant overheard him reminding Dr. Parkman that the latter had an appointment for 1:30 that afternoon.

At 1:25 p.m. Dr. Parkman, wear-

ing his customary silk topper, frock coat and striped trousers, was seen approaching the medical school by Elias Fuller, who operated an iron foundry on the banks of the Charles River, not far from the institution. Fuller noted that Dr. Parkman, never an agreeable person at best, appeared to be in a particularly querulous mood.

It was later to develop that at almost the precise moment that Fuller saw Parkman striding toward the school, Ephraim Littlefield, the janitor, was delivering to an acrid-smelling laboratory on the second floor of the school a pint jar filled with blood. Littlefield had been dispatched to the Massachusetts General Hospital for the life fluid by Professor John W. Webster, a kindly, squat little man who occupied the chair of chemistry and mineralogy. There was, as fate would have it, a distinct connection between the delivery of the crimson liquid to the chemistry professor and the approach to the medical school of Dr. Parkman.

The next day—Saturday—Boston was on its cultured ear by news of the disappearance of Dr. Parkman. The doctor's brother—the Reverend Francis Parkman, nationally-noted preacher and historian—and everybody else who knew the man was certain that disaster had come to Dr. Parkman. It was unthinkable that a person of Parkman's punctilious habits would have been so much as late for dinner let alone absent all night.

Detective Derastus Clapp of the Boston Police Department, who was not exactly a Philo Vance, was singularly interested in the identity of the man who had stopped briefly

at the Parkman home the previous morning. The butler, however, had not had a sufficiently good look at the visitor to identify him.

Sleuth Clapp quickly established from Fuller, the man who ran the iron foundry, that Dr. Parkman had been seen heading toward the medical school at 1:25. It didn't take a super-mind to deduce that the 1:30 appointment that Parkman had been reminded of by the visitor had been with someone in the school. Yet Dr. Holmes, the dean, all members of the faculty, except Professor Webster, who was on a shopping tour, and students who had been on the premises the previous afternoon denied having seen the institution's donor during the hour in question, or subsequently. Nor had Littlefield, the janitor—who made a specialty of minding other people's business—laid eyes on Dr. Parkman.

ON THE SABBATH, when the newspapers were making considerable of the fact that Dr. Parkman had had a mysterious visitor a few hours before he vanished, Professor Webster called at the home of the Reverend Parkman, the missing man's brother. "I see by the public prints," said Professor Webster, "that a mysterious stranger wearing mutton-chop whiskers and rectangular eye-glasses called at Dr. Parkman's home Friday morning. Well, sir, the mysterious stranger was none other than I."

"Then it was you, professor, with whom my brother had the appointment at half past one?" asked the Reverend Parkman.

The professor, a man in his fifties, nodded. "Moreover," he

continued, "Dr. Parkman came into my laboratory precisely at half past one. He came at my request to collect 480 odd dollars which I had borrowed from him some time ago." The professor reached into his pocket and withdrew a promissory note that he had written to Parkman on the occasion of the loan. "This," he said, "is my receipt for the money I paid him."

The disclosure that Professor Webster, a scientist of international renown and a member of the London Geological Society and the St. Petersburg Mineralogical Society, had been the "mysterious stranger" in the case left Detective Clapp bereft of clues. However, he plodded along with the thought that the secret of the disappearance lay inside the medical school.

Accordingly, late on Monday—three days after Dr. Parkman had dropped from sight—Clapp and several other investigators got around to conducting a somewhat cursory search of the premises. They were graciously received by all of the professors, with the notable exception of Dean Holmes. The celebrated anatomist was reluctant to have outsiders prowling around his dissecting room and the investigators didn't press the point.

At dusk that Monday evening, when the lamp-lighters were making their rounds, Detective Clapp was about to leave the school and return to police headquarters when he was aware of the presence of someone in the shadows behind him. He lit a lamp and found Littlefield, the snooping janitor.

Littlefield tugged at his chin whiskers. "I've just been thinkin'," said the janitor, "that if I was a pro-

fessor or a student in this college who knew all about how to cut up a body that it would be easy to murder a man with nobody bein' the wiser."

"What would you do with the remains?" asked the detective.

"I'd just hang them in Dean Holmes' dissectin' room."

THE FOLLOWING DAY Detective Clapp received permission from Dr. Holmes to examine the contents of the dissecting room. Everything that was there, though, checked perfectly against the school's records.

Late on Tuesday afternoon, Professor Webster, engrossed in an experiment, interrupted his labors to summon the janitor to his laboratory. "Ephraim," asked the professor, "have you bought your Thanksgiving turkey yet?"

Littlefield shook his head. Professor Webster handed the janitor five dollars. "Here," he said, "you and your family have Thanksgiving dinner on me." The janitor blinked, took the money and walked out of the laboratory.

Meantime, Clapp, in his dull way, was slowly beginning to put two and two together. As to the motive, he figured that Parkman had been done in by somebody he was putting financial pressure on. Despite his philanthropies, Parkman had been as generous as a loan shark when anybody had been tardy in meeting a debt to him.

On Thanksgiving Day, Ephraim Littlefield sat at the family board, belching happily after a feast at Professor Webster's expense. He grew suddenly thoughtful. "You know," he said to his wife, "Pro-

essor Webster has never given a nickel away in his whole life. I wonder why he gave me that five dollars?"

Early on Friday morning, some two hours before Dean Holmes and the professors would arrive at the medical school, Littlefield, a man now consumed by black suspicion, was prowling around in the subterranean passages of the building—in the dark recesses where he knew the police hadn't looked for the remains of Dr. Parkman.

WHEN PROFESSOR Webster arrived at 9 o'clock, he called for Littlefield, but couldn't find him. He began to search the building for the janitor, and found him in a cavern underneath his laboratory. "Ephraim," commanded Webster, "come to my laboratory at once!"

Littlefield silently complied. Once inside the laboratory with the janitor, Webster bolted the door. "Ephraim," said Professor Webster, "did you enjoy your Thanksgiving dinner?" Littlefield replied affirmatively. "Remember," continued Webster, "I am your friend."

A chill ran through Littlefield. Webster, though short, was powerful. He was fingering a grapevine stump, used in experiments. He picked up the stump and began to move slowly toward Littlefield. "What," he asked, "were you looking for down in the basement?" All traces of kindness had now fled from the professor's rotund and normally pleasant countenance. Instead, Littlefield beheld a mask of indescribable evil. He unbolted the door and ran from the room.

Littlefield communicated his suspicions to Detective Clapp. The

investigator had a private talk with Dean Holmes. In reporting the contents of Professor Webster's laboratory, purely as a matter of routine, the police had taken note of the pint of crimson liquid that Littlefield had obtained for Professor Webster on the afternoon of Dr. Parkman's disappearance.

Detective Clapp wanted to know of Dean Holmes just what sort of experiments Professor Webster might be engaged in which would have caused him to send the janitor to the Massachusetts General Hospital for the fluid.

"Why," said Holmes, reddening, "Professor Webster has no use for blood at all."

Now Dean Holmes asked a question of the detective. "Do you mean to imply, sir," he inquired, "that Professor Webster planned to murder Dr. Parkman in his laboratory and that he had that pint of blood brought there in advance as an alibi for the presence of any bloodstains that may subsequently have been found in his laboratory?"

"Maybe," said Detective Clapp as he left the Dean's office. Now the sleuth drove to the fashionable Boston neighborhood where Professor Webster made his home. He quickly established that the professor, who had a handsome wife and two fine daughters, was a man generally suspected of living beyond his means. Webster was, in fact, at the moment a fascinating figure to tradespeople who were carrying red ink on their ledgers under his name. How, then, Clapp wondered, could Professor Webster have paid Dr. Parkman a debt of almost 500 dollars under such circumstances?

The detective visited Webster's

bank. The professor had not had a balance of more than 100 dollars in several years. Certainly he had not been in a position, in the opinion of the bank officials, to have liquidated a debt of almost 500 dollars a week previously.

Now Clapp began to backtrack on Professor Webster's movements. He learned that on the day following Parkman's disappearance the squat little man with the nut-ton-chop whiskers had shopped fishermen's supply stores along the Boston waterfront and had purchased, among other things, a large tin box and several fathoms of double-strand rope.

Clapp raced out to the medical school to have a showdown with Professor Webster. He was disappointed to learn that Webster had left for his home only a few minutes previously. But he was electrified to learn that the tenacious Ephraim Littlefield had just come upon the dismembered remains of Dr. Parkman in a part of the basement directly below Dr. Webster's laboratory. Some of the remains were in a large tin box—the very box that Professor Webster had purchased. Others were bound in the double-strand rope that Webster had purchased.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who made positive identification of

the remains. The question of premeditation by Professor Webster has always remained a moot point with students of the crime. However, the jury that tried Professor Webster agreed that the pint jar filled with the crimson fluid was an advance alibi for a killer as cold-blooded as any who ever lived.

Whatever the premeditation or lack of it, Webster's motive was clear. Dr. Parkman had become an obstacle that he had to get rid of or face disgrace. For, it developed, there was more between Parkman and Webster than the matter of the 480 odd dollars. Webster had also borrowed 12 hundred dollars from Dr. Parkman on a mortgage which Parkman had taken on a mineral collection of the professor's, and Webster had thereupon turned around and sold the collection to a third party.

Professor Webster—one of the highest-class murderers in all criminal history—went to the gallows in Suffolk County on August 30, 1850, paying with his life for money troubles. It is entirely conceivable that he might have had the time and opportunity to dispose completely of Dr. Parkman's remains had he not become involved in another monetary transaction—the unusual gift of five dollars to Ephraim Littlefield.



A GROUP OF AMERICAN and British sailors were swapping yarns about their ships. "I'm curious about your aircraft carriers," said a British tar. "How fast are they?"

"To tell you the truth," said the American sailor, "I don't know. We've never really opened them up. All they've been required to do so far is to keep up with the planes." —*Barracks Watch*

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Picture Story:



Airports Afloat

THE ALL-STAR PERFORMANCE of ship-based planes in stemming the Jap advance in the Coral Sea and at Midway, clinched the place of the aircraft carrier in the naval sun. In fact, with due deference to other of the Navy's warriors, you can say that the flat top has proved the most revolutionary vessel employed by the Navy in this war. Guadalcanal and the battle of the Solomons left us with only one carrier undamaged and fit for

action. Today more than 100 roam the Pacific and 38 more are on Lend-Lease to England. In combine with the battleship and other heavy-slugging men-o-war, the flat top will eventually be found wherever there's a stretch of Jap-infested ocean . . . and you can be pretty certain, too, that it will spearhead the eventual all-out on Japan. This is the pictorial story of a powerful new lady of the seas, as compiled by official U.S. Navy photographers.



1. The carrier helped close the one-time perilous gap between our shores and Europe's by battling the U-boat. Thus it did its bit toward making the searoutes safe for convoys and winning the Battle of the Atlantic.



- 2.** *Planes, of course, are a flat top's main striking force—and its heavy armament. Not an inch of space is wasted aboard. On its maiden voyage, it ferries land-based planes and replacements for other carriers.*



- 3.** *Primarily a weapon of offense, the carrier relies chiefly on five-inch guns to protect it against attack by air. The bombs stored below are toted by torpedo bombers to enemy targets.*



- 4.** *Plane crews "keep 'em flying." Between flights, these men keep all aircraft in fighting trim and patch up or rebuild a plane with the same dexterity as a shore base crew.*



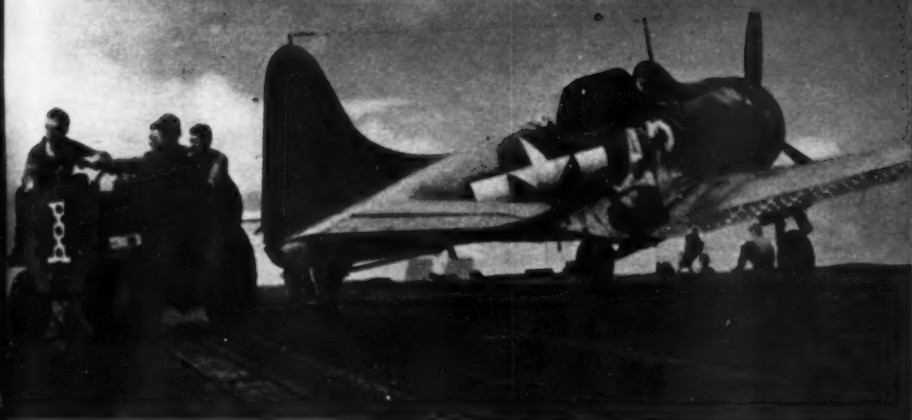
- 5.** *Stacking planes on a carrier deck economically is a fine art. They must also be secured against rough seas and high winds.*



- 6.** *Under Admiral Nimitz, carriers have worked and fought with battleships and other men-o-war in the most spectacular and successful operations in the Pacific.*



- 7.** *They bank heavily on the ability, enthusiasm and esprit de corps of their very young crews for fighting stamina. Exercise is a daily routine which maintains morale and relieves shipboard tension.*



- 8.** *Getting ready for action . . . members of a flight deck crew hop a ride on a tractor, which is hauling an SBD-3 dive bomber into position.*



- 9.** *Then crewmen load a bomb into the belly of a Grumman Avenger, which will presently be winging its way over a Jap-held island.*



10. *These are the men who will fly the planes from the flight deck . . .*



11. *Most of them are in their early twenties.*



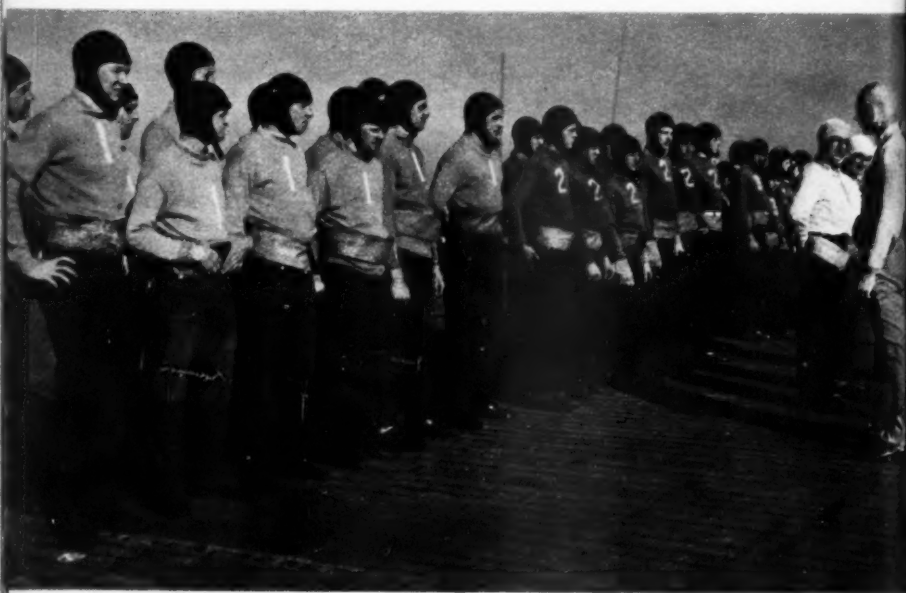
12. *They came fresh from training schools, had to be specially qualified for carrier operations.*



13. *For pilots today aren't detailed to carrier duty until they've had 18 months of schooling, including a stretch on Great Lakes training carriers.*



14. *An aviation ordnanceman (identifiable by the color of his cap) checks the loading of machine guns in a scout plane, as zero hour nears.*



15. *Plane handling crews muster on the flight deck. And plane directors relay official instructions to the men.*



16. *It's a tense moment on the bridge as the order "Flight Quarters" roars over the ship-wide loud speakers.*



17. And tension mounts as the Air Officer surveys operations from "Fly Control." The red flag indicates that the deck is not ready to launch aircraft. The talker, in white cap, awaits instructions, while the signalman blinks a message to escort vessels.



18. To a squadron skipper, the Air Officer gives last minute flight details.



19. "Hot papas" garbed in asbestos stand by, prepared for any emergency as . . .

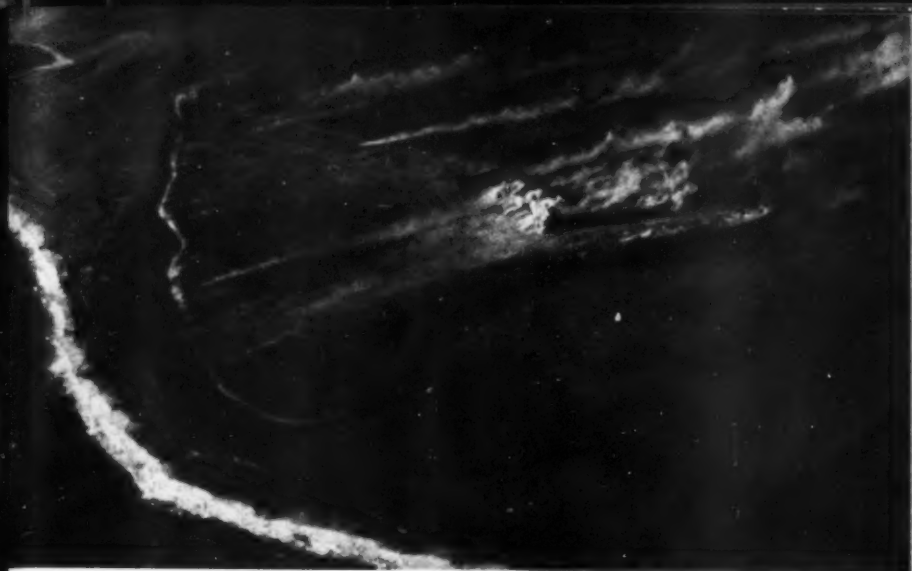
The
white
suits.



20. *A TBF-1 Grumman Avenger awaits the takeoff signal.*



21. *Planes circle over a task force while the ships enter the battle area.*



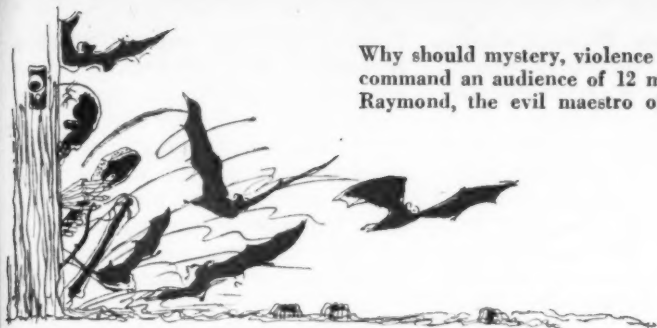
22. *Then, after ferocious, heavy bombardment by carrier-based aircraft and heavy ships of the Pacific Fleet, Engebi Island lies smouldering . . .*



23. *As waves of landing craft dart through the smoke screen to complete the occupation of this base in Eniwetok. Their mission of six hours and five minutes completed, the planes . . .*



24. Turn homeward. And the most welcome sight of all is the landing signal officer, who waves correct altitude instructions for aircraft coming in for a landing.



Why should mystery, violence and the unknown command an audience of 12 million? Ask Raymond, the evil maestro of *Inner Sanctum*

Raymond Spoofs the Spooks

by RALPH LAWRENCE

RAYMOND EDWARD JOHNSON is a pleasant fellow of professorial mien who scares hell out of 12 million Americans every Saturday night between eight-thirty and nine o'clock, E.W.T.

The 12 million seem to like having their blood curdled because, for almost four years, they have been tuning in on the wide assortment of shrill screams, death gasps, pistol shots, ghostly voices and insane chuckles that heavily flavor the *Inner Sanctum Mysteries* show.

There may be a basis for a profound psychological study in why millions of listeners are fascinated by the ponderous and agonized creaking of a door, by the gaily evil voice of Raymond and by the 20 minutes of unearthly chills and sudden death dished up between commercials. The show, for instance, has grown up during a period when the world has been tortured by the most appalling mass murder in history and when, it might be supposed, the ordinary citizen would seek entertainment removed from bloodshed and death.

This might seem strange to any

one but a husky and handsome young man named Himan Brown, who is perfectly normal in every way except that he originated and produces *Inner Sanctum*. Brown is about as psychopathic as Dick Tracy in the comic strips. A New Yorker who studied law at City College, he has been in the radio business for 17 years and at the ripe age of 34 has produced and directed more than 15 thousand broadcasts, most of them of the mystery or adventure type. It is unlikely that the psychological reasons behind mass interest in horror adventures ever kept him awake at night. By the time *Inner Sanctum* got on the air, he knew by experience that mystery, violence and the unknown commanded a wide audience appeal. He had been responsible for such radio shows as *Dick Tracy*, *Terry and the Pirates*, *Thatcher Colt Detective Mysteries*, the *Adventures of the Thin Man* and *Bulldog Drummond*.

There was a door among the props in the National Broadcasting Company studios whose ominous creaking marked many a breath-

taking pause on Brown's shows. Eventually, he began to plan a show around it. Most adults read mystery stories. Why not do a chiller-diller show for adults? And why not have it start with the opening of the creaking door?

That was the beginning of *Inner Sanctum* and it was an idea just about as original as the Ziegfeld Follies. It was corny, and Brown knew it.

Next he invented Raymond. Raymond became the host of the radio audience. His voice is the personification of puckish evil. It is a macabre voice, with a sense of humor. It is a sepulchral voice, with an inflection that insinuates that ghosts have some gay old times in the tomb.

RAYMOND Edward Johnson is a tall man with reddish brown hair that recedes high on each side of his forehead, giving him an impressive scholar's brow. He has friendly eyes, a small moustache, is addicted to crumpled tweeds and looks as if he might have just run over from the cloistered halls of a nearby college.

As a matter of record, he has been more or less connected with theatre and radio since he left his hometown of Kenosha, Wisconsin, went through the Goodman Theatre School of Chicago, taught voice and acting at Indiana University and got into radio by ad-libbing the role of a tough guy at an NBC audition in Chicago. Last year he portrayed Thomas Jefferson in the Broadway success, *The Patriots*. He is married to Betty Caine, a radio actress; lives in the suburbs, where he is building a stone wall around

their house; and collects Sibelius recordings. Every Saturday night he strolls up to the microphone at eight-thirty, waits for the door to creak, lets a puckish curve twist the corners of his mouth and issues a grisly invitation to anyone who wants to make the acquaintance of ghosts, vampires and murderers.

"When you step into the *Inner Sanctum* of ghosts and ghouls," Raymond cautions his listeners, "be sure to seat yourself in the reserved section—the section reserved for humans who are still alive. Don't worry about the three corpses sitting opposite you—they're left-overs from last week."

"If you're looking for a job, there's a good opening in the graveyard—not much pay, but with tomb and board."

"If you're in the mood for some pleasant companionship, drop in at the morgue—the fellows there never say a harsh word to anyone."

Raymond picks up again halfway through the show, when he has an opportunity to rib the story if the melodrama has been laid on a bit thick. Or, if the action is lagging, he may suggest that something particularly gruesome is going to happen. Primarily, however, it is his subtle burlesquing not only of his own role but of the whole show that distinguishes his part in the *Inner Sanctum*.

His laugh has served other purposes, as demonstrated by this item from the *New York Times*:

"BATON ROUGE, LA.,—When Mrs. James Zeimer entered her home she heard a door creak and a man's laugh. Her frightened screams scared a sneak thief into making a hurried escape by crashing through a living room win-

dow. When police arrived they discovered that she had forgotten to turn off her radio before going out. The creaking door and the eerie laugh were the sound effects of a mystery drama."

Fans write him curious letters, some of them actually penned in blood. Two women describing themselves as spinsters asked that Raymond send them a werewolf and a blond, six-foot-tall ghost. A number of listeners have sent in cans of oil for the creaking door, and many women have applied for the job of housekeeper in the *Inner Sanctum*.

Brown, who has managed to inject a flavor of sophistication into the pulp magazine brand of horror-adventure story, has this to say about his brainchild.

"The show is pure entertainment and escapism. No listener in his right mind would ever believe anything that happens. Raymond says sure this is unbelievable melodrama, but relax and enjoy it. Try a bit of psychological escapism."

Almost all of the *Inner Sanctum* shows are originals, although they usually follow the tried and true horrors or mystery pattern. Three writers are responsible for most of the scripts. Milton Lewis goes in for stories told in the first person; Sigmund Miller writes shows depending heavily on mood that is built up via dialogue and a surprising plot twist; while Robert Newman goes in for the weird and supernatural. These three writers turn out almost all of the *Inner Sanctum* chills and death gurgles, but they get a lot of high class assistance from the guest stars on the program. Among those who

have guest-starred on *Inner Sanctum* are Orson Welles, Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, Paul Lukas, Judith Anderson, Mary Astor and Margo.

Brown originated the show on the Blue Network of NBC but it was later transferred to the Columbia Broadcasting System. The creaking door, however, was NBC property and remained there regardless of all offers to buy the rusty hinges.

Brown frantically tried to find another door that would creak with the proper nuances. His search was unavailing and eventually he had to build one. The formula for getting the precise *Inner Sanctum* creak is a sound man's secret, but it is done with a door that is complete with doorknob, latch and springs. There is a special microphone installed in the door and the hinges squeak perfectly—a high creak and a low creak. The man who opens it on the air is a short, baldish sound effects man, Jack Amrhein, who goes prosaically about the business of firing a pistol at the proper moment, breaking a flower pot to produce the sound of a falling object, or thumping his hands on a board to simulate the thud of the villain's body on the floor. Appropriately enough, he is a licensed undertaker.

No studio audiences are permitted at the *Inner Sanctum* shows. Brown knows it would be impossible to create a visual illusion to match the auditory one.

Brown and Raymond have an infectious type of humor which bobs up between scenes of horror and sudden death. This is likely to result in a scene in which two or

three actors, grouped around the microphone, scream in agony, gesture wildly with fake knives, fall to the floor or twist their faces into tortured grimaces, while the sound effects crew fires pistols, breaks flower pots and blows police whistles. Then, as the noise dies away, Raymond will do a nimble soft-shoe dance up to the microphone, pat an exhausted actor-ghoul on the back and fire his most

unearthly chuckle at the audience. "Sometimes it seems as if we just can't make it bloody enough to suit everybody," Brown says, "but we have found out there are some things that are taboo. For instance, it is usually all right with the audience if we bump off 50 humans on a single program. But if we kill one little pup, then the heavens—and angry fan mail—fall upon us."

Elbow-Benders

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN, Sir William Osler, was lecturing one day on the effects of alcohol. "Is it true," asked one student, "that alcohol makes people able to do things better?"

"No," replied Sir William. "It just makes them less ashamed of doing them badly."

—MRS. E. C. WESCOTT

BECAUSE OF THE INFREQUENCY with which his physician prescribed alcohol, Gladstone regarded him as "the temperance doctor." One day, much to the statesman's surprise, the doctor recommended a glass of wine.

Gladstone expressed his surprise, but the physician replied, "Oh, wine has its good points. For instance sometimes I have 20 letters to answer after dinner, and then I take a pint of champagne."

"Indeed," exclaimed Gladstone. "Does a pint of champagne really help you answer 20 letters?"

"No," was the reply, "but after a pint of champagne, I don't care a damn whether I answer them or not."—*Fifth Service News & Diamond Dust*

ONE OF THE USO girls was on a trip to the hill country. Happening on a native, she asked if he didn't find it hard to obtain the necessities of life in such a rugged country.

"We shore do, gal," said the old man of the mountains, "and after we get it, half of it ain't fitten to drink."

—*Wilmington Tow Rope*

INSTEAD OF A NIGHT in jail culminating in a trial, fine, and release in their same battered condition, Moscow's inebriated are treated royally. But they pay for it. Drunks picked up on the streets are given a bath and shave at the local police station. Then they are fed, patched up if necessary and put to bed. In the morning, rather than being hauled into court, they are presented a bill for the care—amounting to slightly more than the same service would cost at a Turkish bath or valet shop. If unable to pay, the offenders work out their bills in the city's sanitation department.

Such treatment not only impresses the people that the policemen are their friends, but has been an effective curb on drunkenness.—JAY FOIGHT

Carroll's Corner



Coronets: To Billy Wilder, a writer-director who looks like the most promising double-barreled genius to come out of Hollywood since Preston Sturges first showed the boys how to juggle a typewriter and a megaphone with one hand. Wilder's *Double Indemnity* is the best macabre movie in years . . . To H. F. Heard, an English writer of mysteries, whose *A Taste for Honey* is a small but perfect gem . . . To Bing Crosby, who is suddenly being discovered as an actor; and whose voice, like a meerschaum, grows more mellow every year . . . To Jarmila Novotna, paradox among prima donnas, because she has legs, lines, looks—and a voice . . . To Barry Fitzgerald, the bantam cock of comedians.

At Home Abroad: The following traffic rule was posted in the Central Police Station in Tokyo in 1933. It was for the benefit of English-speaking residents: "When a passenger of the foot heave in sight, tootle the horn. Trumpet at him. Melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigour, express by word of mouth the warning 'Hi Hi!'"

Oh, Promise Me: In one of his fireside chats to the German people, Herr Goebbels made the statement that "Germany has kept all her promises." Before you judge him

too quickly or too harshly, consider this: Goebbels may be right.

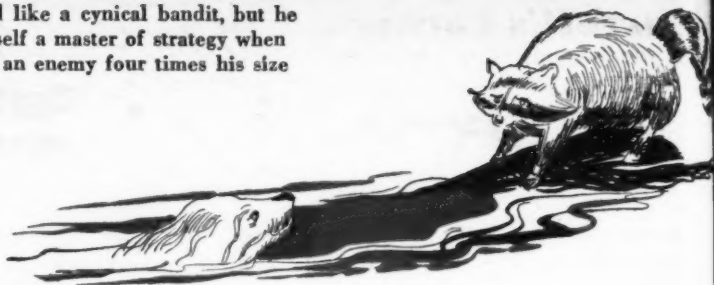
For there are various ways of keeping promises. There was the case of Mahomet II, who promised not to behead the governor of Venice. Mahomet kept his promise. He sawed the governor in two. And there was Tamerlane, who promised a captured garrison that he would shed none of its blood. He kept his promise. He buried it alive.

File and Forget: Epitaph Department: Lines found in an Irish cemetery: "She's gone and cannot come to we, but we shall shortly go to she" . . . There is a sign in a Milwaukee saloon which reads "Bosidevele no Droschdt." It's simply the proprietor's way of advising his customers: "Positively no Trust." . . . Add jobs for Boy Scouts: American children are being asked to collect milkweed pods, which contain a buoyant substance used in life preservers . . . Only three men have run for the Presidency without having previously run for any political office. Their names: Grant, Taylor, Willkie.

Quote-Unquote: BISMARCK: "If every German had money enough, every German would keep a particular king all to himself."

A RUSSIAN GENERAL: "Bury the dead. Send back the wounded. All the rest go forward."

Zeke looked like a cynical bandit, but he proved himself a master of strategy when attacked by an enemy four times his size



Little Brother of the Bear

by JOHN HIGHTOWER

IN FASHIONING the raccoon, nature gave him looks to match his personality. The black mask across his eyes gives him the appearance of a cynical bandit. A marauder who loves the dark, he possesses insatiable curiosity. He considers just about everything his personal affair, carrying out his prying with little natural caution.

Although our name for him, "raccoon," is a corruption of an Algonquian Indian word, *arakun*, many American tribes give him a more descriptive name—"little brother of the bear." That is exactly what he is, a member in good standing of the bear family. But to many generations of rural Americans he has always been, simply and affectionately, "coon."

His coat is a dull brownish-gray, lighter on the back, yellow towards the tail, and pale gray on belly and feet. The hairs on the back are black-tipped, but those on the underparts white-tipped. The mask across his eyes is outlined in dull white, and his whiskers are the gray of advanced age. His bushy tail has six or seven rings of dark

brown or black on a yellow background, and these give him another colloquial name—"ringtail."

With the exception of a few areas in some of our northwestern states and California, he is at home throughout the nation, and he has wandered north into Canada and south into Central America.

While the average weight of the coon probably would be from 16 to 18 pounds, specimens of 40 pounds and over are on record. It is likely that the lifespan of the coon closely approximates that of the dog—from 10 to 14 years.

The coon's favorite home is a den in some hollow limb high up in a large tree, fully exposed to the sun, but he has a catholic choice in dwelling places. I have seen coon dens in fallen logs, in stumpy lightning-riven snags, in rock crevices; in short, anywhere affording shelter, except in holes in the earth.

He is one of the legendary "Seven Sleepers" of the Indians, his companions being the bear, the woodchuck, the jumping mouse, the chipmunk, the skunk and the bat. Like the other Sleepers, the rac-

coon either hibernates or maintains a state of partial suspended animation during severe weather in more northern climates. In the South, however, he is active throughout the winter.

Many scientists believe hibernation is due, not to low temperatures, but to absence of natural foods. Since the coon's chosen foods are principally frogs, crayfish and minnows, this might explain his varying habits in different locales.

The young are born in April or May, depending on the latitude, and the average litter numbers four, varying from three to six. By late June the young are about one-third grown, and begin to venture short distances from the home den. By July, the mother has begun their education in catching aquatic game, and when the corn is ripe she will lead them long distances to find what is possibly the greatest delicacy on the raccoon's diet. Corn, incidentally, is one of the few foods the coon will eat without a preliminary washing. This distinctive habit accounts for the *lotor* (a washer) in his scientific name of *procyon lotor* and for his Germanic name of "Waschbär," or washing bear.

Although he prefers fish, the coon will eat almost anything. Fowl, reptiles, eggs, insects, fruit, nuts, grain, vegetables, sweets—they all go toward satisfying his appetite. He is not at all averse to raiding a farmer's hen-roost; and he has been known to take young squirrels from the nest.

In the South, he is exceedingly fond of oysters, and a small variety of oyster is known as the "coon oyster." He invades oyster beds as

the tide turns and starts in, and while the shells are open as the oyster feeds on the minute organisms in the water, scoops out the succulent flesh with a deft forepaw.

On rare occasions the catcher is caught. I have seen three or four oyster shells gripped tight around the forepaw of a coon. He had been obliged to gnaw off his own foot, just as he will do when caught in a steel trap, to escape.

SOME YEARS AGO, when I was living near the Nantahala River in western North Carolina, I had the opportunity to get to know a coon intimately, and in surroundings closely approximating his natural state. I rescued "Zeke" from a mountain boy who had found the home den and was about to crack his head against a tree. Although but six weeks old when we met, Zeke already matched his parents in everything but size and distrust of man. For several days he insisted on maintaining a state of armed neutrality with me, but soon we became the best of friends.

After the first week he was never confined, still he showed no disposition to wander from the vicinity of my cabin. By the third week he had begun to look on himself as boss of the place. Whenever he was hungry—and that was nearly all the time—he would dog my footsteps, uttering a plaintive *eerrr, eerrr, eerrr*, until I gave him a pan of bread and milk. He never fed from the pan without standing with all four feet in the mixture. He would then spend quite a while carefully licking the residue from between his toes.

Soon he disdained a liquid diet

and demanded solid food—almost any solid food. I would give him a piece of freshly caught trout. Ignoring the fact that the fish had spent its entire life in water, Zeke would hold the tidbit in his forepaws (shaped remarkably like tiny hands) and proceed to slosh the meat in his drinking water, kneading it all the while, until it was a shapeless hulk. Only then would he eat the fish with great gusto.

As he grew older he deserted his drinking pan for a small stream which trickled some 50 feet from my doorstep. He would scurry to the water's edge, sit down, and dunk the food. One day, merely to see what would happen, I gave him a lump of sugar. Zeke loped happily to the water with it and began to scrub it with his paws. When the sugar dissolved, he felt carefully around on the bottom, upstream and down, for at least a half hour before giving it up as a bad job and coming back to browbeat me out of more food.

WHEN HE STARTED to rustle his own grub, the stream was his chosen hunting ground. By winter, Zeke had become an established member of my household, and I watched with interest to see what he would do when the weather grew really cold. I had fixed up a den for him in an empty nail keg in the woodshed. Since I knew coons were nocturnal animals, I was surprised when he never used it during daylight. It seemed that he was willing to change his natural schedule to suit mine, although it would have been easier on me if he had roamed during the night and had slept in daylight, since he had a habit of

waking me by taking a flying leap from the window sill to the bed, and he wasn't at all particular where he lit.

He showed no signs of any change in his daily life until the first snow fell in December. He then retired to the keg, spent the next four days sleeping. With the thaw, however, he took up his rounds where he had left off, and for the rest of the winter he was usually up and about, except on those days when the stream bore skim ice.

Zeke showed no signs of restlessness, nor any inclination to seek his own kind with the coming of spring. He did, however, begin to take longer trips afield, and I would sometimes miss him for several hours.

One June afternoon I thought I had lost my pet for good. As twilight approached I took my fly rod and walked the quarter-mile down to the Nantahala, with the idea of picking up a trout or two for breakfast. I had been casting, without results, for five or ten minutes, when I happened to look up, and spied Zeke sitting on the shore watching me intently. "Well," I thought, "here's where I get taken for the first fish I catch."

Just then a movement at the top of the bank caught my eye, and I saw the head of a big mongrel dog raise over the edge of the bank 30 or 40 feet behind the apparently unsuspecting coon. The dog started his rush before I could even yell a warning, even if Zeke could have understood. But he didn't need it. Before the dog had covered half the distance separating them, the coon plunged into the water and swam out several yards from shore

to an old poplar stump which had washed into the river years before. The top of the stump was barely visible, and Zeke must have known of its presence from the confident way he made for it as the dog started after him. It looked like the coon would have little chance, since the dog outweighed him at least four pounds to one.

To my amazement, Zeke moved to the very edge of the stump to meet him. That was more than the dog could take. He reared out of the water, lunged for his prey. Zeke, evidently anticipating the move, reached down and grabbed the enemy's ears, one in each paw. Then he braced himself, and soused the dog's head under. Of course he couldn't hold on forever, so the dog finally succeeded in breaking away with a desperate backward surge. He had enough—more than enough. He struck out for the bank as hard as he could go, and without a backward look headed for home.

It was then I realized that Zeke was a hefty coon, not the playful kitten he still acted where I was concerned. Moreover, the dog had been out of his natural element, while the rough surface of the stump afforded a perfect foothold for Zeke's long-clawed hind feet.

I had time to notice, too, that,

just as when washing his food at the creek, Zeke didn't consider it necessary to glance at the work in hand. He looked rather absent-minded about the whole thing! Even though the first fish I took was a pound-sized rainbow, just right for the frying pan, I thought Zeke had earned it.

As fall approached, several times during the still nights I heard the peculiar ululant *whooooo-oooo-ooo's*, so similar to the cry of the screech owl, which I knew to be the "whickering" of coons in the woods.

Zeke had reached young manhood by now. I knew it was only a matter of days before he would find even the little restraint I put on him irksome, and go back to his natural state. One morning in early October Zeke disappeared, and I never saw him again.

The day of Zeke's victory over the dog was many years ago, and should he still be alive he would be a veritable patriarch among coons. But I gained such confidence in his ability to take care of himself that day on the Nantahala that, should I ever go back, I wouldn't be at all surprised to see him come swaggering out of the woods, giving me the devil because I didn't have a freshly caught trout ready for him to dunk.

The Tie That Binds



YOUNG EDGAR ROHRER of Canton, Ohio, believes in throwing himself into his work. Watching his father manipulate the intricate devices of a corn binder, two-and-a-half year old Edgar accidentally fell into the binder—and came out with a bundle of fodder bound by twine. Little the worse for his experience, he thought he'd like to try it again, but his father had different ideas.

—TOM GOOTÉE

If you are a square peg trying to fit into a round hole on your particular job, this article may help you find your right niche



Know Your Own Talents

by FRED C. KELLY

A PUBLIC SCHOOL principal asked Johnson O'Connor, Director of the Human Engineering Laboratory, to give the Laboratory's series of aptitude tests to a boy who seemed to be hopeless in school.

"He looks bright enough," said the teacher, "but seems to be an utter moron. I'd like to know if there is any routine task at which he could make a living."

"To show you how we do it I'll test you first," replied O'Connor.

The teacher was curious and agreed.

The result of the tests showed that the boy greatly excelled the teacher in several important aptitudes. The boy's difficulty was with his paper and pencil work, for which he had no aptitude.

Too many educators, says O'Connor, judge a pupil according to how good a clerk he is. If he has what the Laboratory calls "accounting aptitude," the ability for recording written symbols or figures rapidly and accurately, he is the pride of the school.

O'Connor, after scientifically testing the aptitudes of more than 70

thousand persons in the last 20 years, insists there is no such thing as "general intelligence." We call a man intelligent if he agrees with *us* regarding politics, business and sports, or if his vocabulary is broad enough for him to follow understandingly almost any conversation. But, asks O'Connor, does this man have tonal memory, pitch discrimination and finger dexterity to play the violin? If not, then he is not intelligent in *that* respect, is he? And if he lacks the sense of three-dimensional form, the "structural visualization," that an engineer or an architect needs, then there's another respect in which he is not intelligent. But he may rank high in other aptitudes, all well-coordinated and effectively used.

The point is that no two people are quite alike; they are not intelligent in the same way. The job of the Human Engineering Laboratory has been to break intelligence into its measurable parts, and thus to find out what each person is best fitted for through analysis of inherited tendencies.

It all started more than 20

years ago at a General Electric plant in West Lynn, Massachusetts, where Johnson O'Connor was employed. The superintendent, Frank P. Cox, made a hobby of collecting puzzles. He had thousands from all parts of the world. One evening when he had O'Connor for a guest, Cox spread out 50 or 60 puzzles on a table. O'Connor amused himself with them while Cox looked on.

At the end of an hour, Cox said: "Do you realize, Johnson, that every puzzle which interested you has been of one type? They all have been structural. You didn't show interest in the kind that requires a steady hand and patience—like the one in which you balance rolling balls into holes. And you didn't stick to any of the kind that involves arranging numbers or letters." Cox went on to say that by noting what kind of puzzles a person goes for, one can get an idea of that person's interests or aptitudes.

A few days later, at the factory, Cox said to O'Connor that it was surprising how little a company knows about the people it employs and what each one is really best fitted to do. "We analyze metals and every material we use," he said. "Why don't we have tests to analyze the differences in people?" Cox added that at that moment he had great need of a man with an exceptional fitness for a certain new operation and didn't know where to find him.

O'Connor agreed with the superintendent that every person had qualities that couldn't be known by ordinary observation. If a man were in a job that perfectly fitted him he was at his best and happy. But if he weren't happy, or if you wanted

to develop a man and move him forward it was largely guesswork.

The setting of this scientific plant and the vision of these two men were the background for the effort to solve this human problem. The superintendent proposed that O'Connor set up an office for making a few simple tests of employees. They would call it the Human Engineering Laboratory.

THOSE FIRST tests naturally were crude and not too dependable. Ten years may be required, O'Connor has found, to perfect suitable tests for any one aptitude. But the results even at the beginning were so revealing and surprising that O'Connor knew he was on his way to knowledge of great importance.

Later, the Human Engineering Laboratory became an adjunct of the Stevens Institute at Hoboken, N. J. Today it is an incorporated, endowed, non-profit institution with testing laboratories in New York, Boston and Chicago, and seems likely to have branches in other principal cities. It still follows the same philosophy as at the beginning, that each of us, to make the most of himself, should find out exactly what he can do best.

It is now possible to test, with what appears to be a high degree of accuracy, 13 different aptitudes. Let's look at a few samples of the kinds of problems that come to the Laboratory almost daily:

An attractive girl, who had taken a secretarial course, was wretched in her job. She had taken the course because it seemed a normal way to a good position.

"Accounting ability," any kind of routine paper and pencil work,

really was her weakest point. She was a "subjective" rather than an "objective" type. Her interest was in working at a project on her own rather than in dealing with others. In the job she had, she was writing letters and doing other secretarial work for three different people. On the other hand, she was a perfect "set-up" for research work. She was high in both inductive reasoning and observation, and with plenty of creative imagination. The company where she worked had a research department. She was transferred to that and was happy and successful.

People don't come to be tested only because they feel that they are unsuccessful. It may be that, even though they are in positions of importance, they feel that they don't get the proper pleasure and satisfaction from their work. The general manager of one of the biggest department stores in the country wondered if his whole business life had been in the wrong direction. He said he got more pleasure from working at a machine-shop in his basement after dinner than from anything else he did.

Tests showed, however, that he was not misplaced in his present job. He was a natural executive, the objective type interested in dealing with others; and his aptitudes were over a wide enough range to make it easy for him to understand and coordinate the work of various types of people. He was in exactly the right job, *except* that he needed to add something to it. He needed an outlet for a special inventive constructive talent. At the suggestion of the Laboratory, he installed a department to work

toward improving the mechanical efficiency of the big store. Under his direction, this new department devised equipment and apparatus that saved the store about 60 thousand dollars a year.

At other times it is clearly evident that a man should make a change. A medical student was planning to specialize in surgery. He had natural finger skill and played the piano; but tests showed that he was almost at the bottom of the scale in "tweezer dexterity," the aptitude surgeons need for handling small instruments. Moreover, he was of the objective personality suitable for a physician in general practice, whereas nearly all good surgeons are of subjective personality, more interested in doing a good job than in the people on whom they operate.

BUSINESS CONCERNS over and over again waste human material by following the assumption that because a man shows great intelligence at one job he will do equally well at something else to which he has been "promoted." The skilled mechanic who likes to work at his job in his own way is indicated as subjective. He is seldom a success as a foreman handling other men.

Awhile ago the Laboratory made a study of foremen in a factory. By the test tabulations the foremen were segregated as to subjective and objective personalities. Check of company records showed twice as many complaints against the decisions of the subjective foremen as against those of the objective. And only 30 per cent of the decisions by objective foremen had been reversed by a reviewing committee,

whereas 80 per cent of the decisions by subjective foremen had been reversed.

One client at the Laboratory was a man who had made a great success with a chain-store company by improving the appearance of the various stores. Sales had mounted in each store on which he had worked. So he was put in charge of sales promotion. In that position he was a dismal failure. He came to the Laboratory in an effort to find out what had caused him to slip. Tests gave the answer with almost mathematical clarity. He had succeeded in improving the attractiveness of the stores because of his rare aptitude for observation. He had an eagle eye for store arrangement. But he stood very low in creative imagination which was what his new job of creating sales campaigns required. He returned to his own work, glad to be rid of the headache, and remained a pillar of the organization.

An insurance inspector was a success because of his unusual combination of observation and number memory. Then, not knowing his own aptitudes, he decided to make more money by selling insurance. He found that the new job required a type of personality different from his and a better vocabulary than he had. On the other hand, his strong aptitudes were going to waste.

The most important thing in seeking a life work, O'Connor finds, is to hit upon a means of using *all* one's outstanding aptitudes. The person who has only one strong aptitude is usually not much of a problem. But nearly every one who comes to the Laboratory presents a

combination of talents. One man thought he should be an artist. He was not high in creative imagination. He had a strongly objective personality, especially revealed in an interest in people. It was obvious he would not long be content to work in solitude as an artist does. He is now successful as a salesman of art works.

Another man had musical ability, and also certain traits usually found in engineers. Moreover, he was fitted for executive work. He might have been fairly successful at a job in which he would waste one or more of his aptitudes; but he succeeded in finding a spot where he could use them all. He is with a radio broadcasting company as vice president in charge of musical programs.

SOMETIMES the absence of an aptitude is an asset. If an executive is high in creative imagination, he may be more interested in carrying out his own ideas than in coordinating the work of others. At other times, the lack of an aptitude means that one should watch his step. One man tested at the Laboratory had used up an inherited fortune on projects his fertile imagination and inventive aptitudes had conceived. What he needed was more analytical reasoning to show what projects were impractical.

Much evidence indicates that aptitudes are inherited. A boy who is not clever with his fingers at handling small tools may be able to learn one particular operation. But a new test will always reveal his lack of natural aptitude. However, lack of aptitude in one direction seems nearly always to be com-

pensated for by other aptitudes. His years at conducting these tests have given O'Connor a great respect for the average man. Only one person out of the 70 thousand the Laboratory has tested had no strong aptitude in any direction.

Vocabulary is one thing that appears strikingly in the records of thousands of people tested at the Laboratory. Almost without exception, outstanding men and women in all walks of life score high in vocabulary tests. The eminent lawyer scores higher than other members of the bar and the great surgeon higher than others in the medical profession.

"Facts do not yet prove," says O'Connor, "that in itself a laborious accumulation of new words

leads to greater success. But we can say, speaking statistically, that those who score low in vocabulary are not likely to appear in the lists of the greatly successful. It is clearly indicated that the ambitious should keep adding to their knowledge of words and of how to use them with precision."

Since it appears that we are born with potential abilities in certain directions, it naturally follows that it is wise to find out as soon as possible what we are best fitted to do. O'Connor urges parents to bring children as young as nine years for aptitude testing. Then a child may receive from the start an education that will fit him for success and a harmonious and happy life.

The Wrong Stump

■ IN THE DAYS of the Votes for Women campaign, an enthusiastic suffragette was interviewing the wife of a hill farmer with notable lack of success. In exasperation, the campaigner exclaimed, "But don't you *want* to vote?"

"Good land, no," said the woman. "If there's one little thing a man can do alone, for mercy's sake, let him do it!"

—*Capper's Weekly*

■ "THIS ELECTION," thundered the speaker, "this election will turn back the clock. Everything will be just as it was before 'That Man' took office!"

"Everything?" queried a spinsterish woman of about 40.

"Yes, everything."

"How grand it will be," she sighed, "to be 28 again!"—S. J. SABIN

■ IT WAS RIGHT AFTER Al Smith had been nominated in 1928, and Nick Brady, one of Smith's staunch and faithful supporters, was asked what chance he thought Al had of being elected President.

"Al Smith is licked now," Brady answered.

"Why?" came the query.

"Because," explained Brady glumly, "Al is everybody's friend—a great speaker, a good executive. But he has made himself too much a man of the people with his 'raddio' and his wisecracks.

"The people will elect a 'pal' like Smith to the governorship, but there's a strange idealistic streak in the American public that makes them want a President they can look up to."

—STEPHEN J. SCHMIEDL

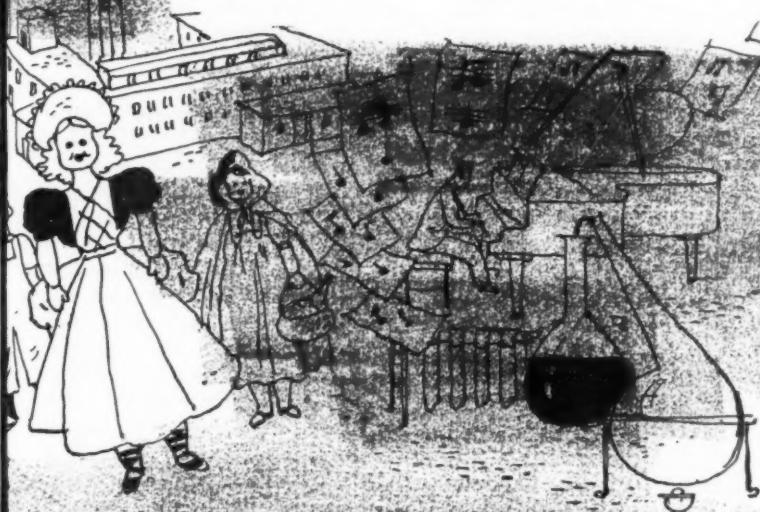
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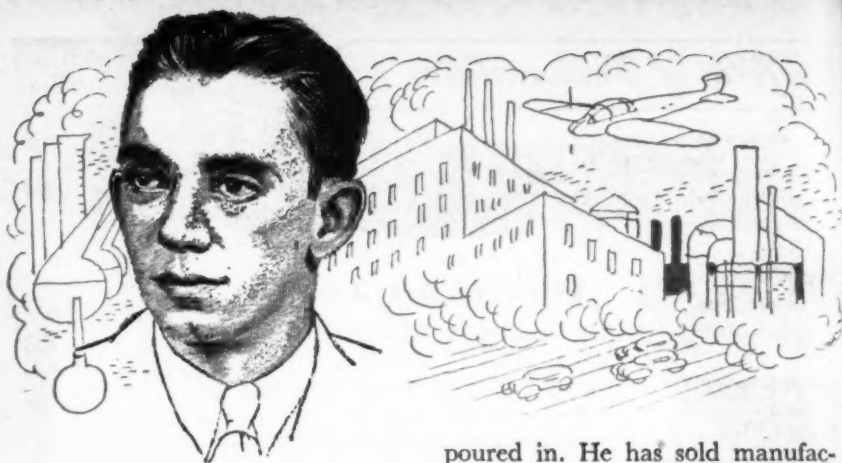
Accent on Youth

by ROBERT W. MARKS

YOUTH, G. B. SHAW once said, is such a wonderful thing that it seems a crime to waste it on children. But the young men and women of this generation have put this famous epigram to rout. Stepping into art, science, industry and politics, American youth has proved that it can outstride its elders.

On the following pages are presented five young people typical of today's America. Each, in his own field, has contributed a vital freshness, dynamism and that energetic ingenuity which is the special and unique province of youth everywhere.





Tom Saffady

Every American boy has grown up in the tradition of Tom Swift, but few have found a way of turning their love for gadgeteering into a sound, profitable profession.

The trail blazer in this field is Detroit-born Tom Saffady. Tom Saffady, who is of Syrian descent, has Tom Swifted more than 75 inventions in the last five years. Today at 27, he heads a 400 thousand dollar a year industry, operating four plants. His company is appropriately titled "Sav-Way Industries."

A few years ago, when he proposed to expand, he needed steel girders for a new plant.

"Sorry," the WPB informed him, "non-essential."

So Saffady invested in huge quantities of second-hand pipe. He evolved a method for welding the old pipe into girders and in six months had built his own plant.

Another time he needed grinders. No grinders were to be had at any price. After he had designed and built his own, orders for them

poured in. He has sold manufacturers more than 300 of them—at 5,900 dollars each.

Saffady had a tough childhood in a sub-standard Detroit home. He worked as an apprentice in a machine shop, eventually becoming a master of the machinist's magic.

Then he went into business for himself. But his first three months' work netted him exactly 18 dollars. He and his bride had to give up their comfortable house and move into an unheated shack. After a year of struggling, orders began to flow in. The rearmament program provided a boost, and business boomed. Last year he grossed four and a half million. This year he expects to hit the six million mark.

Slim, broad-shouldered, dark-eyed, Tom Saffady looks even younger than his age. His outstanding inventions include such items as a plastic beer bottle cap, an electrical refrigerator run by radio tubes instead of chemicals, a housewives' butter slicer run by a flashlight battery, a device for measuring the smoothness of metal surfaces and a razor which requires sharpening only once in five years.

Leonard Bernstein

Leonard Bernstein is the 26-year-old conductor who became an overnight sensation when he took over command of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra on a moment's notice.

He was not a child prodigy. His musical education did not begin until he was 10, when a relative sent his unmusical parents a piano.

He took lessons, but in no way allowed them to interfere with his becoming a crack athlete. At the Boston Latin School, he was all-around track champion. Not until he signed up at Harvard did he decide to become a musician.

Bernstein first went through the run of studies, honors, appointments and jobs—a run which involved graduate study at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia and under Serge Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Meanwhile, he became associ-

ated with Bruno Walter, who was then conducting the New York Philharmonic Symphony. It was on the night of Saturday, November 12, 1943, that Bernstein noticed Bruno Walter was not well. "It occurred to me," he said, "that if anything happened to Walter, I'd have to conduct the next day."

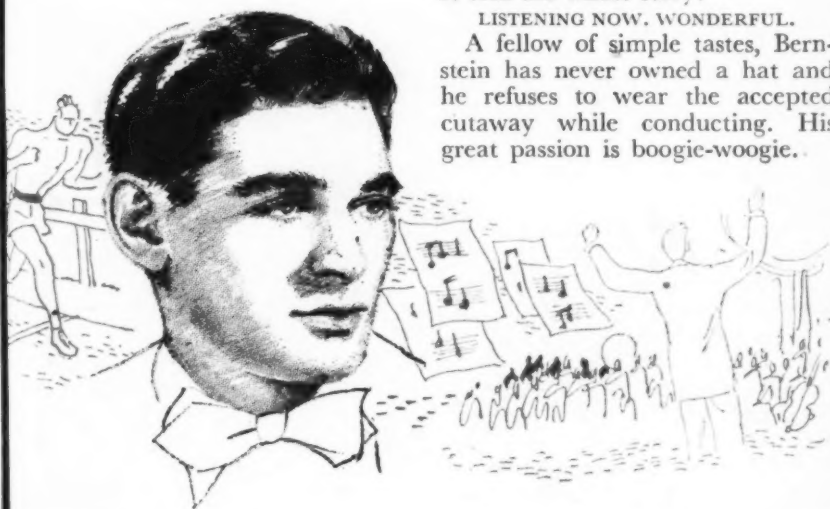
Instead of going to bed that night, he brewed himself a pot of black coffee, and diligently studied the next day's scores.

The following morning, he was told that he would have to conduct the scheduled program—and without a rehearsal.

At three o'clock that afternoon, he stepped up on the podium, confidently rapped his baton and led the orchestra through a memorable performance of Schumann's *Manfred* overture, Richard Strauss's *Don Quixote*, Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* prelude and Miklos Rosza's *Variations*. During the intermission, a telegram arrived from Koussevitzky. It told the whole story:

LISTENING NOW. WONDERFUL.

A fellow of simple tastes, Bernstein has never owned a hat and he refuses to wear the accepted cutaway while conducting. His great passion is boogie-woogie.



Ann Abbott

Blue-eyed Nancy Ann Abbott, just turning 30, is a shameless doll lover. Combining imagination with nostalgia, she left Hollywood, where she was playing bit parts, to make "story book dolls,"—dolls that illustrate nursery rhymes and jingles. The Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose of England are now among the enthusiastic collectors of these unique, ceramic Lilliputs, which sell to the tune of more than a million dollars' worth a year.

Nancy Ann created her first doll for a friend. It was a colorful recreation of "Hush-a-bye-Baby" and shortly after it was presented, Miss Abbott was filling requests for 450 more.

"Hush-a-bye-Baby" sold in such quantities it was finally dropped. "It gave me no time," Miss Abbott said, "for my main idea. I wanted to illustrate *all* the familiar jingles." Rapidly, conscientiously, she went to work. Dolls began popping from her worktable. When she ran out of familiar rhymes, she created her own rhymes. But the Abbott jingles were so similar to American nursery lore that sentimental old

ladies began writing in, vowing they "recalled" them from childhood.

Miss Abbott's busy brain never rested. She followed her rhymes with new inventions: first, the "American Girl" series; then, the "Dolls of the Day" series. People collected her dolls the way crusty philatelists collect stamps. There were some who boasted they had every doll she had created.

Nancy Ann Dressed Dolls are no longer a matter of mere whimsy. They have become an industry as efficiently organized as a miniature automobile plant. Every day, some 4,500 move stolidly along a conveyor belt. Each year, more than 180 thousand yards of cloth wind up as clothes for these *poupees*.

Recently, overwhelmed by the demand of a fanciful world for her little dolls, Nancy Ann had all telephone lines disconnected.

"Every time the phone rings," she explained, "it means nothing but trouble."





James B. Carey

Arrested 28 times in his 32 years, James B. Carey became a labor leader the hard way. When his fiancée, some years back, saw a notice in an Iowa paper announcing that Carey had been sentenced to a 500-dollar fine and six months in jail, she clipped the item and sent it to him with a casual note: "Hurry back soon."

Jim Carey today is secretary-treasurer of the CIO. He works 16 hours a day, juggling the issues of industrial diplomacy, traveling constantly to make decisive speeches, settling strikes, pacifying employers, appealing to legislators.

Born in Philadelphia, one of 11 children, Jim started work at 14, making trellises. Later, he got a job as an assistant projectionist in a movie house. The full-time projectionist was an ardent trades union man, and it was from him that Jim got the organizing bug.

For a number of years he went from one section of the country to another, calling on the unorganized workers to form unions and protect their jobs. For this piece of social service he was sent to jail. But so well did he sell his message that

in 1941 the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce picked him as one of the 10 outstanding young men of the year.

On Jim's first organizing job he founded a "fishing club," while working for Philco Radio. "Contribute some of your salary," he suggested to would-be unionists, "so we can buy a 'yacht.'" The "yacht" was purchased on "M" day; it turned out to be a strike.

Sometimes called the "glamour boy of labor," Jim found himself, at 22, president of the Electrical, Radio, and Machine workers of America; and, at 27, secretary of the CIO with a 7500 dollar-a-year salary.

He lives, today, with his exceptionally pretty wife and his two kids in a shrub-surrounded house in Washington, D. C.

"My chief complaint about the house," he says, "is that it has no place for me to hang my horns and my cloven hoof."

Ellis Gibbs Arnall

Ellis Gibbs Arnall is the youngest governor in the United States. At the age of 37 he not only stepped with assurance into the executive mansion of the state of Georgia, but he busted the Talmadge machine—the party which was making Georgia the laughing-stock of the nation.

For years, keen-minded Arnall has been making Georgia conscious of his existence. Not so long back, when he was state attorney general, he hitchhiked to work each morning from his home at Newnan, 40 miles away from the state capital. Motorists going to Atlanta competed with one another for the privilege of giving him a lift. Each, in time, became a staunch Arnall man.

Young Arnall came up like Georgia corn. His family had pioneered in that part of the state designated as Coweta county. His father was a grocer. Ellis, without fanfare or promise of sophistication, did all the conventional things. He inaugurated the Hi-Y branch of the local YMCA; he was president of

all his classes at high school. About his career at the University of Georgia, Ellis admits, "I was president of just about everything."

But even in his undergraduate days, he took an interest in better government. He established the honor system at the University law school. He became first chief justice of the student's court.

Today, somewhat settled in appearance, Arnall weighs 190 pounds, stands 5-feet-7-inches, and looks like walking prosperity. In addition to reforming Georgia's scandalous penal system, cleaning out the mess of the Talmadge regime, and re-establishing the independence of Georgia's colleges, Arnall has cut out official display. He auctioned off the official governor's fancy black limousine and drives his own car. He has no bodyguard, no daily camp followers. His frequent attendant is his son, Alvan, aged five.

Deeply religious Arnall taught a Bible class each Sunday until the Governor's job took up all his extra time. He maintains that "Happiness in life can only come through service to others."





To all husbands who yelp about their wives' hats, this story is dedicated. Meet Ben, who makes lady's bonnets out of everything

Chicago's Mad Hatter

by LAURA BERGQUIST

WITH DUE APOLOGY to Lewis Carroll, the maddest hatter of them all isn't a character-piece in *Alice in Wonderland*.

He's in business—and a brisk, sur-taxable business it is—on Chicago's 14-karat Gold Coast, where the Palmers, the Cudahys, the Armours and the other real McCoys of Chicago society plunk down anywhere from \$37.75 to a thousand dollars for a piece of millinery, only to see themselves coming and going at the Red Cross, the Pump Room, the Colony Club and other fashionable watering places. For Bes-Ben hats aren't exclusive at any price, and that's heresy in the high class hatting trade.

Benjamin Benedict Greenfield, the suave and newsmaking Ben of Bes-Ben, who personally presides over his high-ceilinged, mirrored little French salon, sold 430 of a certain pussywillow model at \$39.75, with barely a squawk from the customers. "There just aren't enough good models to go around," he gently soothed any North Shore fashionables who resisted his share-the-hat plan. "This way you're

getting a hat which has been *proved* both becoming and wearable." Far from turning hysterical when they saw their millinery on other heads, those ladies who sport one of Ben's many thousand animal hats (he matches your hat to your dog), are banded together in a society known as the Animal Kingdom.

On North Michigan Avenue, where mink swathes seven women out of ten and Persian lamb the rest, vandals are wont to heave bricks through luxury-shop windows and make off with the Spalding emeralds and like loot. So shortly after the Invasion, when the watchman saw a crowd massed about the windows of the Bes-Ben Shop, he came running—quick.

People were staring bug-eyed at Ben's latest brainstorm—the Invasion Hat. Over one large, natural-colored straw, battleships swarmed, pasteboard sailors raced round the wide brim and on high waved the American flag. This was a salute to the Navy. Price—about \$65.

The Army, on the other hand, stormed up a small hill of green strawcloth, while tanks, Red Cross

trucks and infantrymen with grenades in hand, perched in bad battle strategy around the rest of the crown. Overhead, propped up by wires, was a protecting umbrella of planes. "I scoured the dime and department stores for those gimmicks," says Ben, who assembled the topicalities in six hours.

His elephant hat was page one Republican convention news. Mrs. Bertha Baur, grande dame of the Illinois G.O.P., attended sessions wearing a nest of patent leather elephants in her hair, each of which animal grasped a butterfly in its mouth. Mrs. Baur owns five variations on this bonnet, and all of them abide by her ironclad whim that everything she owns have a butterfly motif. By the time the election fever has subsided, Ben expects to beget elephant and donkey chapeaux by the hundreds—in lizard, in pigskin, in patent leather, felt, velvet, ad infinitum.

The war is really responsible for these heady conversation pieces. For well onto 20 years, Ben had been traipsing around the world, five months out of 12, in search of ideas for hats. In 40 European junkets, six more to the Orient, four round the world, and countless excursions to South America, he scouted Peking bazaars, drifted down the Mediterranean in yachts, caused headline furor in London when he arrived by panning Paris stylists, and generally lived a pre-war life of Reilly. He was first to adapt the Russian cossack hat for domestic use; his Chinese coolie hat was worn by Garbo, his brilliant-colored suedes started a whole new fad, and all the wire services covered his openings. Even

during the depression his prices never sagged below 25 dollars.

Then the Germans took Paris. Gone was the bright-idea capital of millinery, and with it the source of the loveliest materials. "Run your hand over domestic velvet and you pick up splinters," says Ben, explaining what the import stoppage means to a high-style milliner.

Ben wasn't caught short on ideas, however. For he happens to be as extrovert in his inspiration as one New York designer is reputed to be introvert. The latter in search of an idea, says nasty rumor, sits for hours looking at himself in a room lined with mirrors. After a few such sessions of narcissitic worship, a New Trend is born.

Ben, on the contrary, could be inspired by a cement sidewalk. Three years ago, for example, he looked out through the clear, shining window of his shop and saw two handsome Dalmatian dogs strolling up the Boulevard. All excited, he ordered small replicas of them from a novelty shop, perched them strategically on a small, front-tilted platter of a hat, and found a best-seller on his hands. Women were soon writing him from points east, west and south, asking him to make replicas of *their* pets—and thus began the maddest-hatting period in Ben's 27-year-old career.

A Colonel friend of his sent him a zebra skin from Africa. Zebra heads thereafter appeared on the best heads, and the zebra hat became the best-seller of all. Ben went to Mexico. On his return, he brought with him hundreds of tiny Mexican baskets, which he promptly loaded onto a miniature sombrero—diameter five inches—36 at a

time. During a New York jaunt, he leafed through an Audubon bird print book at a cocktail party and went quietly insane about the coloring and arrangement of aviary clans therein. Thereafter birds of many feathers appeared on his hats, ala Audubon.

He has planted Victory gardens on hats, complete with garlic and scarecrow. As one last tribute to the old Paree, he had Folies Bergere dancers, clad only in pink panties, scampering around the brim of another model.

In the past three years his hats have become fairly stylized, evolving into what he thinks is the most flattering model for all women. The base—which has shrunk to palm-size, with material shortages and Ben's fancy—perches forward on the head, is clapped securely behind by a band and the whole is topped by the weird and lovely gadgets which are his trademark. For instance, a doctor, who gives his wife Bes-Ben toppers on suitable occasions, saw a young lady marching down Fifth Avenue recently with a flock of patent leather ducks bobbing from her topknot. Suspended from each duck's bill were small felt flowers, which jiggled in the breeze as she walked. The doctor trailed this nervous creation for five long fascinated blocks, then got up courage enough to ask: "Pardon me, miss, is that a Bes-Ben hat?" It was.

Judy Canova bought Ben's peanut bonnet, which is surmounted by costumed native figures made of goobers. "If you get tired of it," he told her, "eat it." To Lily Pons, he sold his hat-of-hats. Atop it were miniatures of past Bes-Ben

best sellers. One of his Easter bonnets this year featured a rabbit whose eyes rolled alarmingly, like a mama doll. And when he got back from Palm Beach, where he picked up a tan and considerable first-hand information on the gambling situation, Chicago debts sprouted headgear loaded with dice and cards.

IN BALMY, PRE-WAR days, the windows of his shop were as fetching as their hats. But five years ago Ben rented two life-sized copies of Greek museum-piece statues, one of them the Venus de Milo, and put them on view in all their classic, undressed beauty, draped in little else than muffs and ostrich-tip hats.

"Such a stir you've never seen," says Ben, indignant still.

Those offended by the human form divine, phoned, wrote and hounded him until in high, towering rage he removed the art pieces from the window. In retaliation, he loaded them down with gauze and bangles, in the worst Little Egypt style, put them back in the window and let the local populace suffer for a while. Since then, his hats have had to sit in the window and sell themselves, unsupported by displays.

As a matter of fact, since he first went into business with his sister Bess (the first half of Bes-Ben, who has since left the partnership), he has found that it *doesn't* pay to advertise—in print, anyway. His hats are staples at that platinum-plated charity benefit, the St. Luke's Fashion Show; he generously gives them as prizes for good-cause raffles and finds that by virtue of causing husbands to moan softly

"Migawd, where *did* you get that hat," and heads to swivel in the swankspots, his wares bring him customers many times over.

Half the secret of his success is in the way he sells a hat. Say a lady, who is no longer as young as she might be, marches in, hellbent on an off-the-face bonnet. Ben will show her one. "First I put a little cap on the back of her head. Her face seems to hang out. Then I show her one of my hats that tilts over the eye."

He curled his fingers upward into a five-pronged hatstand, perched the hat on it, fluffed out the veil, tilted it slightly and in a velvet-smooth voice said—"Now *here* is a hat that is *really* stunning." You are convinced.

This combination of hat plus

salesmanship plus charm sells 10 to 40 hats a day for him. At a 40 dollars average sale, it makes him a comfortable living, from which he refuses to be weaned away by New York or Hollywood offers. "My customers are wonderful to me, I like Chicago and I don't like to cater to the theatrical crowd particularly, so why should I leave?" says he. He did go to Washington two years back in search of a job in Navy camouflage. "I got pushed from pillar to post," Ben says, "so I came back to Chicago to help keep up the morale of the girls."

Himself he is given to Glen plaid and chalkstripes, by way of suits. You can see him strolling up the Avenue of a bright summer's day, six feet high, dark and suave, wearing an untrimmed Homburg.

Private Worlds

■ THE DAUGHTER of a Hollywood movie producer was assigned to write an essay on Poverty. This is the result:

"Once there was a very poor little girl. Her mother was poor and her father was poor, and everybody in her family was poor. The cook was poor, and the second maid was poor, and the gardener was poor, and the chauffeur was poor, and the governess was poor and everybody was very poor.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

■ A. G. ANDREWS, an 87-year-old New York actor who appeared in *The Cherry Orchard* this past season, was being interviewed. During the conversation, Mr. Andrews, whose theatrical career dates back 83 years, bemoaned the fact that many actors who had once played with him on Broadway had deserted the theatre for Hollywood.

"Young Smith, for example," the veteran actor pointed out, "has been doing quite well in films."

"Young Smith?" asked the reporter. "Yes, of course," he replied. "C. Aubrey Smith." —PFC. ALFRED PALCA

Lonely Sentinel

Where once she walked with him, a young girl walks alone—wondering where he is tonight, waiting, and though he told her not to, worrying just a little. But dusk in the cool outdoors is soothing, as the unknown poet knew who wrote:

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play . . .
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good
are born—

Out in the fields of God.

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Think twice before you swallow those undercover campaign rumors. They're bait for the gullible, who think with their emotions

Open Season for Roorbacks

by CURTIS D. MACDOUGALL

EVERY UNITED STATES President and every candidate for that office has had to contend with undercover attacks unrelated to political issues. Health, sexual irregularities, religious heresy, mixed blood, drunkenness and business dishonesty head the list of popular subjects for whispering campaigns. Some historians contend that the two-term tradition was begun by George Washington because he refused to endure four more years of gossip mongering such "as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter or a common pickpocket,"

to quote his own words.

Perhaps the most tragic incident connected with such low campaigning was the death of Mrs. Andrew Jackson, directly traceable to a breakdown brought on by publication of the story that she and the General had lived together for years without benefit of clergy. The truth was that the Jacksons, before their marriage, were improperly informed that Mrs. Jackson had been divorced from her first husband. The error wasn't discovered for years but after it was, they promptly remarried.

Among notable presidential sex "scandals" were the following: Thomas Jefferson was rumored to be a rapist and the father of illegitimate mulattoes; John Quincy Adams was said to have obtained an American mistress for a wealthy Russian while serving as American ambassador to Russia; Martin Van Buren was rumored to be the illegitimate son of Aaron Burr; three half-breed Winnebago Indians were exhibited as the alleged illegitimate offspring of General William Henry Harrison; and of James A. Garfield it was said that he and his wife

Top Notchers

A blue-ribbon team, Pat and Champ are top-knotchers in more than the modeling field. For Pat Hamilton is a swimming queen who not only looks but is the typical outdoor American girl. And Champ has done his master proud by coming off with awards enough to line his doghouse. The girl and collie duo is no longer now that Pat has joined the Spars. With a war on, modeling just wasn't enough, so after a part-time job with Douglas Aircraft, she went all out and donned the Coast Guard blue. Champ still retains his civilian status.

ODACHROME FROM FARR-LANDERS

planned a divorce after the election.

In the life of Grover Cleveland however, there really did exist a youthful indiscretion which resulted in an illegitimate child. Emulating the action of Alexander Hamilton, who once found himself in a similar situation, Cleveland admitted his parenthood publicly. But it wasn't true that he abducted the mother of his child to keep her quiet, although that story was perpetuated in fiction by Paul Leicester Ford's *The Hon. Peter Stirling*.

Of Woodrow Wilson it was whispered variously that he was estranged from his wife, that he was not the father of some of his children and that he kept a mistress in the White House. Even these serious charges, however, paled before those publicly aired about his successor, Warren Gamaliel Harding—most of them posthumously. A public made credulous by the Teapot Dome and other political scandals of the Harding administration, lapped up *The President's Daughter*, a book in which Nan Britton charged that Harding was the father of her child, Elizabeth Ann, and confessed to a long series of assignations with the former President, some of them in the White House itself. C. A. Klunk of Marion, Ohio refuted the stories in *The Answer to the President's Daughter*, and Miss Britton lost a 50 thousand dollar libel suit against him.

Theodore Roosevelt and Alfred E. Smith were among those accused of drunkenness. Teddy Roosevelt instituted, and won, a friendly libel suit against a small Michigan newspaper, which had printed the rumor, to vindicate himself. Smith denied that he ever was drunk, as charged,

at a New York state fair, and, in a remarkable article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, answered the charge that he would be unduly influenced by the Roman Catholic church if elected President.

Thomas Jefferson was the first President to be condemned because of his religious convictions. He was accused by the Reverend Timothy Dwight, president of Yale University, of being an atheist interested in destroying the churches of America. Abraham Lincoln, although since claimed as a member by almost every religious sect, was accused of atheism because he never joined a church. William Howard Taft likewise was condemned by some fundamentalists because he was a Unitarian.

NO ATTEMPT to smear a man because of his private business record can compare with John Hamill's *The Strange Career of Mr. Hoover Under Two Flags*. By interpolating authentic records concerning Mr. Hoover's career as an engineer and government official, that book depicted him as a ruthless exploiter of Chinese coolie labor, shady in many dealings and, perhaps most sensational of all, the man partially responsible for the World War I execution of Nurse Edith Cavell. Mr. Hoover ignored the book but when a New York policeman who had helped concoct the fable sued the author for a share in the royalties, a sordid story came out.

Wendell Willkie was the intended victim of the first important 1944 roorback when C. Nelson Sparks published *One Man—Wendell Willkie*, containing a letter supposedly written by Harry L. Hopkins, presi-

dential aide, to Dr. Umphrey Lee, president of Southern Methodist University. It purported to show that the White House expected that Willkie again would be the Republican candidate and that he would not oppose the administration's policies vigorously. Sparks, former mayor of Akron, Ohio, and manager of Frank E. Gannett's presidential campaign in 1940, said he got the letter from George N. Briggs, an assistant to Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes. It was proved without shadow of a doubt to be a forgery.

The word "roorback," used to describe the Hopkins letter, is defined in American dictionaries as "a political lie" or as "a defamatory falsehood published for political effect." Like the more recent word "quisling," used as a synonym for "traitor," it originally was a proper name. In September, 1844, during the Presidential campaign between James K. Polk, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Henry Clay, an article appeared in the *Ithaca (N.Y.) Chronicle* including what was said to be a quotation from a book, *Tour of the Western and Southern States*, by an author named Roorback. If authentic, it would have proved that Polk once purchased 43 abject slaves and inhumanly had them branded with his initials. It was, however, shown to be lifted from a genuine book of travel, *Excursion Through the Slave States*, by a George William Featherstonhaugh, in which Polk was not

even mentioned. But such widespread currency did the story obtain that it resulted in the addition of a new word to the language.

Fortunately, most such elaborate political hoaxes in democratic America have fallen short of achieving their purpose.

In 1888, however, the defeat of Grover Cleveland for reelection was accredited largely to a clever bit of Republican strategy known as the Murchison roorback. A fictitious signature was affixed to a letter addressed to Sir Lionel Sackville-West, British ambassador to Washington. The writer, one Murchison, represented himself as a naturalized Englishman in doubt as to how to vote. Sackville-West's tactless reply suggesting that a vote for Cleveland would be useful to England seemed to sustain the contention that the Democratic proposal to lower the tariff was

British-inspired. Cleveland successfully obtained the recall of the ambassador but the evil already was done.

An old documentary standby which crops up at intervals, most recently during the 1936 campaign, dates from the early days of the Greenback-Populist movement. It is a mosaic of quotations from numerous speeches and messages to Congress by Abraham Lincoln, so put together as to make the martyred President possessed of prophetic vision regarding the evils of monopoly. In part it read:

"I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me, and

\$1000 in Prizes!

And a share of it
may be yours, if
you participate in
our contest this
month. See page
13 for particulars.

causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed."

Another faked Lincoln quotation, also used in 1936, had him a high tariffs advocate, supposedly asking for protection for steel rails although the first steel rail was not rolled in the United States until a month after his assassination. The Boston *Herald* traced the quotation to Robert G. Ingersoll about 1894, but it still appears in otherwise reputable reference works as originating with Lincoln.

Professional politicians fancy that they are immune to such hoaxing. Nevertheless, in 1930 the Cornell University *Sun*, undergraduate publication, received eulogistic telegrams from many leading Republi-

cans on the occasion of a testimonial dinner for Hugo N. Frye, advertised as the original G.O.P. member in New York State. At the affair it was revealed that the hero's name really was "You-Go-And-Fry." And in 1933, when the name of Giuseppe Zangara, attempted assassin of President-elect Roosevelt and murderer of Mayor Anton J. Cermak of Chicago, was on everyone's lips, a young attorney and a newspaperman in Omaha obtained several hundred signatures to petitions placing Zangara in nomination for the Omaha city council.

So think twice before you believe stories about the President's health being impaired, the Russians using Lend-Lease butter to grease their boots, Mrs. Roosevelt's being booed in New Guinea, secret agreements between this or that candidate and some foreign agent and the host of similar yarns which will be spun in attempts to blind you to the nature of the important issues of 1944.

"No Atheists in Bombers"

IN ENGLAND THEY TELL of a conversation between a hard-boiled Eighth Air Force tail gunner and a chaplain who was making an observation flight in a bomber strike on Berlin.

Over the target there was a black wall of flak and the going was rugged. When the bombardier cut in on the inter-phone with his welcome, "Bombs away!" he was immediately followed by the tail gunner:

"Come on, Skipper. Let's get the hell outa here."

"Steady, lad, don't worry," came the calm voice of the chaplain. "God rides with us."

"He may be on the flight deck," snapped the gunner, "but he's not back here." A second later a cannon shell from a German fighter whined under the gunner's right arm, missed his chin with a hot whisk and went through dome without exploding.

"Tail gunner to the chaplain," barked the inter-phone. "Correction. He just walked in."

—T/SGT. CHARLES R. MCGHEE

Now, As Then

by M. F. K. FISHER



TEN THOUSAND MEN yell loud enough to shake the sun as the beautiful red-head on the platform in the factory yard sings to them. She leans against the mike: she's worn out, but her voice is warm and sweet, and it seems to go to each listener with a private kiss.

Later, as she bounces in the front seat of the AWWVS station wagon toward her next date, someone tells her she's sold more than a quarter of a million in bonds that day . . . She grins, too tired to talk.

And in 20 minutes she steps, fresh and lovely as ever she looked on the screen, into a hushed hospital ward. Men in traction beds lie watching her. Their eyes are excited and already grateful for her unsung songs . . . it's really the red-headed kid herself, come from Hollywood to sing to *them*! She stands by a boy with one unbandaged hand, and while she sings she holds it . . . and every man in the ward can feel her touch, forever.

That's in Trenton, or San Diego, or Denver, in 1944 . . . and *you* know the girl . . .

THERE'S A crowd outside the restaurant, and it's growing fast. Thin, limping men sidle to its edges from the half-lighted streets, and the elaborately dressed patrons of the famous eating place stop in amusement, and then wonder.

In the center stands a red-headed

girl, her eyes enormous, her face whiter than ever it looks behind the footlights, and her voice pure gold. She sings, and then swings into a parody of herself that sets the mob rocking with laughter . . . and before they know it she's picked up her skirts and coins are showering into them, copper and even gold. She kisses her free hand, and every man who sees her blazes . . . then she is gone.

A few minutes later she stands with the head nurse in the cellar of her theatre, counting money like a frantic miser. "Not enough, not enough even to buy gauze for a week," she murmurs, and sighs with exhaustion. "I'll do one more job tonight . . ."

Before the nurse can stop her she has pulled a soft shawl over her flaming hair, and run through the rooms of her first-aid station to the streets.

Behind her is the smell of blood and pain, and ahead of her lights flicker where the soldiers work all night on the fortifications.

It is Paris in 1870. Napoleon has already surrendered, with 80 thousand men. Strasbourg has fallen to the Prussians; so has Metz. And Sarah Bernhardt, the thin red-headed girl already called Divine, wrings money from the hungry citizens for her wounded. Her voice is golden, and her smile outrageously exciting . . .

TODAY RATION POINTS hound every housewife's dreams, and magazines with governmental blessings urge us to eat shark steaks instead of sirloins; to admit that margarine is as good (well, almost!) as the best creamery butter. And still we are the best-fed, (and luckiest) people in the world.

In 1870, and the cold, grim following year, things were not so blessed in Paris. Most of the great town-houses were empty; their money-bagged owners had fled to England or the comparative safety of the south of France. The contents of their fine cellars disappeared magically . . . and a few days later were eaten and drunk in the two or three fine restaurants still running, while their housekeepers planned for a rich old age. Black Markets are no innovation!

War prices aren't either, especially when stars rise hourly for profiteers anxious to live well while they can. Voisin's was one of the places where they all met for lunch and dinner: the harassed generals, the cabinet brains, the hangers-on with plenty of money and a hunger for any sort of greatness, even borrowed. The great Bellanger, owner of the restaurant, had cannily provisioned his cellars while the city gates still stood open, but even his enormous stocks were almost gone before 1870 was over.

By December of that year, beef was unknown, horsemeat was very rare, and people were beginning to die from malnutrition . . . a nicer word than starvation.

It was then that canned foods, which have so often been blamed on American gastronomy, first gained importance in the nourish-

ment of a nation, especially one at war. Escoffier decided while he was at Metz as head cook to the military staff that foods preserved in tins must be studied, and that he himself would produce them.

The animals in the famous zoo in Paris began to disappear soon after the last cavalry horse had been sacrificed, and tiger steaks were declared delicious, and stews of elephant trunk superb.

At least, that is what the rich diners said, who could afford to pay fantastically for these fantastic delicacies. The poor people quietly polished off practically every rat in a city always noted for its large population of them, and then laughed silently when the snobs boasted of their wonderful lamb and rabbit roasts: *they* knew stray dog and cat when they saw it!

Finally it was impossible to pretend any longer: Bellanger sighed, and that day the menu at the great Restaurant Voisin admitted baldly, for the first time: "filled patty-shells and roast saddle of spaniel."

In a few days the well-heeled were complaining again about the cocoa-oil substitutes for butter; they were convincing themselves that buying a couple of cases of brandy from a man whose cousin had got it from a bona-fide merchant at only three times its value was really not helping the Black Market . . .

And that was 1871 . . . or, except for the spaniel, did I say 1944?

Changing Your Address?

Subscribers changing addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

Accidentally Ours



SEATED BEHIND his hardwood desk, Dr. Wilhelm von Roentgen, German physicist, dropped a metal key he had been toying with and snapped on a switch that shot 20 thousand volts through a Crooke's vacuum tube. The tube began to glow, bathing the desk in a greenish phosphorescence.

After completing his experiments with the vacuum tube, the scientist developed some photographic plates which had been stored in one of the desk drawers. He was astounded to observe on one of them the image of a key. Roentgen quickly deduced that rays from the tube had penetrated the desk, impinging on the plate. Because the doorkey had luckily been in the path of these uncanny rays, its image was outlined on the plate. Thus the physicist discovered that X-rays, so called because of their baffling properties, could photograph objects imbedded in opaque surroundings. And soon photographs of the bones of the human body were being taken.

ONE DAY IN 1816, Dr. Rene Laennec, noted French physician, was on his way to visit a patient suffering from a heart ailment. Passing a lumberyard, he noticed a dirty-faced urchin picking at the head of a pin which had been driven into one end of a 10-foot board. At the other end, a second boy was listening to the sounds of

theappings, so perfectly were the vibrations carried through the fibers of the wood.

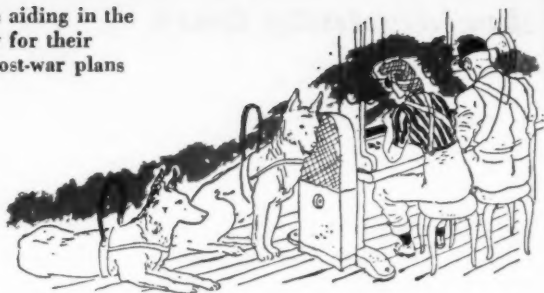
Dr. Laennec was intrigued, for he saw a way of applying this principle to the diagnosis of heart disease. When he reached the home of his patient, he rolled a large sheet of paper into a tight cylinder. Placing one end of it against his patient's chest, and the other to his ear, he found that the action of the heart was amplified. Years later Dr. Laennec perfected this crude device. Thus was born—the stethoscope!

STILL A SMALLER PIECE OF WOOD, 10 inches in length, inspired the famous Thames Tunnel under the Thames River. Sir Marc Isambard Brunel, the British engineer, was studying the problem of constructing a tunnel under the Thames. Whenever engineers dug under the earth, the soft soil caved in.

Brunel happened upon a piece of timber with a hole bored through it from end to end by a marine worm. He noted that the walls of the miniature tunnel were coated with a limy substance which the worm had secreted, thus preventing the hollow material from collapsing.

Emulating the engineering principle used by the worm, Brunel undertook the Thames job, and as his men tunneled the ground, they built up the walls and roof with masonry.—JOSEPH NATHAN KANE

Here's how blind workers are aiding in the war effort and paving the way for their rightful place in America's post-war plans



The Blind Fight the Axis

by LOUISE REEVE and DAVID DUBOW

"NOT SO FAST." The newsreel cameraman wanted Bob Courtney to slow down his flying fingers. Bob was selecting airplane starter parts from the pile on the table. "Nobody will believe that you can't see if you work as fast as that. Won't you please grope a little? I want to make this picture dramatic, so it will get sympathy."

"I don't want sympathy. I'd rather have people see how fast a blind man can go," said Bob. But he groped a little, obligingly, because that is what the public expects—the pathetic struggle of a blind worker trying to do something. Whereas the fact is that a blind worker in a job that fits him often proves superior to the worker with full vision.

The camera turned and produced the newsreel that you may have seen—Bob Courtney at his daily job of finishing parts for airplane starters. He has to run two milling machines simultaneously. On his first day on the job, when he was learning the routine, Bob was short two items of his sighted predecessor's production rate. Two days

later Bob was topping the rate. By the end of his first week he was well ahead of previous records. And the newsreel man wanted him to go slow and grope and show how pathetically hard it was for him. Bob is a champion worker.

He is one of the army of today's blind men and women war workers who are releasing hundreds of sighted workers for other duties or for the armed services.

Until seven years ago, when Bob Courtney lost his sight, he was manager of a chain grocery store. Blindness found him unprepared for anything else. There was no way, apparently, in which he could use his intelligence. When the war plants called for men, and even blind people were given a chance to prove they could be of use, Bob applied immediately. He is an excellent example of the high quality of craftsman available among the sightless.

The vital element in a blind man's readjustment, Bob believes, is confidence. Until one gains true confidence in his ability to go about the streets alone, a job can't be

handled with maximum efficiency.

Pioneer blind mica-sorter for Army and Navy radio equipment is slim, dark-haired Mary Murphy. The mica pieces she sorts so competently are built into instruments for airplanes and submarines.

"The mayor of our town got me the chance to do this work," Mary explains. "I had never done anything of the kind before. I had no training." Over and over again the same report comes from the sightless war plant employes. *They had no training.* When the war need came they got the training and then they demonstrated that at some work they could produce more satisfactorily than sighted workers on the same job.

Mary was the first blind person to be employed in this plant, more than a year ago. Her success was so great that a dozen more blind workers are now proving their worth in the factory.

The mica to be sorted comes in pieces from one-thousandth to four one-thousandths of an inch thick. The pieces must be classified into size groups differing one-half of one-thousandth of an inch in thickness. A sighted person must use an electrical gauge. On this job the supersensitive fingers of the blind have been found to be the perfect instrument. The blind sorters are not only faster but *more accurate.*

As a child, Mary learned to read and write Braille. She completed high school by taking notes in Braille and typing them on a regular typewriter. Her mother died and Mary was left at home with her father, four sisters and a brother. "Money was needed," she says, "but I couldn't earn any-

thing. I knew I had intelligence and clever hands but what use were they?"

Now the clever hands are trained. She walks 11 blocks to work with Pearl, her Seeing-Eye dog. Pearl sits by her side every day. Mary is proud of her skill and of her seniority on the job. "It's beautiful," she says. "I love it."

Pretty, curly-haired Jackie Greer assembles fire-extinguisher parts. Before the present emergency she had never ventured beyond the street corner alone. Her family had shielded her since babyhood.

"I went to the Institute for 14 years," she said. "I studied Braille and I learned a kind of embroidery for amusement. But after I finished school I had nothing very interesting to do. When I heard that the war plants were employing blind people, I said now was my chance. Now I could have a job. I was wild with impatience until they accepted me. Oh, it's wonderful. Do I come to work alone? Of course I come alone."

Placement services for blind workers have been established in a number of states. A leader is the New Jersey State Commission for the Blind with headquarters in Newark. Its executive director, George Meyer, is totally blind but is a model of office efficiency and goes about the city at will. In charge of employment is Carl C. Pirups-Hvarre, also completely blind.

Hvarre's technique is to give demonstrations. He goes to plants to sell managers the idea that at many tasks a dexterous blind operative can equal and often surpass the production rate of a seeing worker. Hvarre proves this by

performance on the spot, with no rehearsal. He is taken to a working post, receives brief instructions, experiments a few minutes and then turns out a first-class job. This never fails to "wow" a manager. Hvarre proves thus that the breaking-in process is the same as that for a sighted worker. And when a blind person is on the job he is an ideal worker.

Blind operatives are now operating millers, lathes, drill presses, screw machines, foot presses and power presses. They are doing many types of assembling, processing, packing, sorting, gauging and riveting. At all the factory jobs they undertake they at least equal production rates.

For the safety angle—during the past 42 years in the United States not one compensable accident to a blind worker has been recorded.

If any adjustments are necessary the factory has the cooperation of the commission. If a blind worker for any reason has difficulty in meeting production rates, the commission will shift him to a more suitable position and place the right man in the vacancy. This happens rarely. The special relation of the commission with the blind makes things go smoothly.

A blind and crippled man who has come close to doubling production rates on a drill press is Michael Sofka. His right leg is almost useless from infantile paralysis. He drills one-sixteenth inch holes through metal studs the size of a grain of rice. Mike has operated the drill at record speed for 16 days without breaking a drill. Sighted workers do well to make one of the drills last four days. Around the holes

Mike bores there are no rough edges to cause rejects. A huskily built man, with hands abnormally large, his fingers have the sensitivity that only the blind develop. War needs have given this man his chance to show his worth. Will he be put on the shelf after the war? Industry says no, he is too valuable. He lives in an apartment with his blind wife, who is an excellent housekeeper. Evenings they read Braille and listen to the radio.

Paul Morel was totally blinded at the age of six by an accident. From the age of 13 he has earned his living. He was a door-to-door canvasser before the war, going freely into unknown districts—not begging-canvassing, but selling fuel. He earned bonuses. He has always loved tools and believes there is no tool he cannot use. He was given a chance to tap folk joints for airplanes. Within two days he was producing 110 threads per hour in excess of his sighted predecessor's record on the job.

"I put my heart and soul into my work," he says with quiet enthusiasm. "All blind workers do. That's why we're good."

Paul also cuts covers that hold meters in place on the instrument boards of bombers. He has worked for 58 consecutive days without spoiling a piece. Another of his jobs is to gauge small parts for airplanes and guns. For this he uses a gauge with Braille markings. His presence in the plant has been an unquestionable force for good, the manager reports. His willing industry, his appetite for hard work and his cheerfulness are an inspiration. His nature is happy and he makes friends easily. "He seems to

bring out the best in people," the manager said. "There is no antagonism among co-workers because of Paul's unusual ability."

Employers of blind war workers are unstinted in their praise. "In every case within a few weeks the quality of their work has equalled or excelled that of sighted persons on the same operation," says the superintendent of one of the country's leading aircraft corporations. "The steady and consistent way these blind workers have applied themselves to their tasks has had a stimulating effect on the attitude and production of the sighted workers around them."

The personnel director of a large radio plant supplying war needs writes, "Three blind female operatives are now employed on production operations along with the sighted workers. One of the three

girls twisting and retinning wire leads averages better than 15 per cent above the base rate for the job. Other girls are working as mica splitters and gaugers where accuracy to the thousandth of an inch is required."

Blind workers are producers. They concentrate. They have no distractions. The job is their main interest and their pride. They have a deep loyalty for the place in which they have found a new life. Many operations in modern industry are made to order for blind workers. Industry has discovered the value of the blind and will not forget the lesson. Their distinguished performance in America's war plants has earned for the blind a rightful place in the post-war industrial life of the nation, and, in that regard, modern civilization has taken a definite step forward.



On the Range



A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER, one of the guides at Banff, had a particularly talkative and tiresome lady tourist in tow. She asked questions incessantly. At the edge of a high lake, she carefully examined the masses of rock piled at the water's edge. "Why are these here?"

"The glacier brought them down," the guide replied.

"And where is the glacier now?" asked the lady.

The guide gritted his teeth. "Gone up after more rock."

THE FATHER OF the present King of Belgium was an ardent mountain climber. On one of the difficult ascents in Switzerland, he and his mountainborn guide were alone. When they reached the shelter that night, the king wearily dropped down on the bunk and told the guide, who had begun to prepare food, to serve him in bed. The guide obeyed.

The next day Albert arose, eager to start upward again. From under the covers, the guide grunted, "King, I'm tired. I'd like my breakfast in bed."

The monarch grinned, prepared breakfast and served it to his hireling.

—JULIE JOHNSON

Unique is Milt Hersberger's airline—smallest in existence—in Ohio's Lake Erie region. Here the folks have to take a plane or stay at home



Air Cabbie of Put-In Bay

by CAROL HUGHES

ONE MORNING about seven o'clock the telephone rang at the lonely Island Air Terminal at Put-In-Bay, Ohio.

"That you, Milt?" asked a quivering old voice.

"Yes, Elmira, what's wrong?" asked Milton Hersberger.

"Would you take over to Kelley's Island 'afore you set out for your run and bring Lem home? He's done got hisself killed."

Milton Hersberger went out and removed the seats in his tri-motored Ford ship. A few minutes later he took off to bring Lem home. To him it was just a routine flight. He has flown as many as seven dead bodies in a three-weeks' period from one or another of the five islands his plane frequents. He has evened the score with the Grim Reaper by taking as many expectant mothers out to hospitals on the mainland to restore the island population.

Hersberger, probably the busiest airman in America today, is a one-man airport. After 20 years of all types of flying he hit the jackpot in the smallest airline in existence. Located in the Lake Erie region of

Ohio, Milt's passengers *have* to fly or stay at home. They fly. All of them, from babies to grandmothers.

Hersberger's stake in the air industry consists of five planes, hangars, and landing fields. He's based at Put-In-Bay, Ohio. His full run is only 14 miles as the crow flies. As Hersberger flies it's 70. He touches five islands in the Lake Erie region with a total population of less than one thousand souls.

It works like this. Every night when Farmer Reuben Becker says his prayers he ends with "praise the Lord for Milt Hersberger, and take care of his planes." Farmer Reuben has a herd of dairy cattle on Kelley's Island. Each spring when the ice around the island is a frozen shifting mass, too thick for boats, too mushy for sleds, the farmer's cattle start getting lean. Reuben gets on the phone: "Milt, can you fly me over a few bales of hay?"

"Sure," says Milt, "you order it—I'll bring it."

Out go the seats in the big Ford ship and in goes a ton and a half of baled hay. Farmer Reuben's critters are safe, and so far the prayers

have worked for Milt's welfare.

Milton Hersberger is a former barnstormer, passenger hopper, stunt-flying-fool. For 10 years he was a hit-and-miss flyer, hopping here and there, not commercially ambitious; not too much concerned with the future.

One day he hopped into Sandusky, Ohio, and started hawking passengers. The local airport had seen some flying, but seldom any like Milt's. His daredevil fame spread around the state and airmen, generally, conceded he was "hot stuff."

The Sandusky airport made Milt Assistant Airport Manager and things began to look pretty good. Then winter set in. The snows began to fall. Fog drifted in. The lake became a clogged, floating mass of ice. Almost a thousand island people drew their belts in— isolated for the winter. Milt was grounded for lack of business: "What a hole," he said, "somebody ought to start an airline for those people—this is murder."

Suddenly it occurred to him that he was that somebody. He could fly. He owned a second-hand Waco and a Travel Air. Mrs. Hersberger's only comment on that project was: "What! A home?" For seven years her address had been "Somewhere in the U. S. A.—contact all airports." To date, nothing had ever settled Milt.

The Flying Hersbergers flew in and landed in a cow pasture at Put-In-Bay. "Our first hundred years were the hardest," recalls Milt. There were no landing fields; no airports, no home and no friends. The Islanders were skeptical, indifferent and definitely not air-

minded: "Monkey business," said the residents, "you can't fly in this weather."

They didn't know Milton Hersberger. He could and he did. Milt never does anything by halves—once he has decided to do it. He parked his planes out in the open and set about clearing the fields. The Hersbergers invested their complete life savings in 50 acres of land at Put-In-Bay and the remodeled farmhouse they built for a hangar. The first year was a blank, except for the summer when Milt went back to hawking passengers.

The second year he wangled the mail service and that was the test. The mail had to go through. Twice a day, regular as a clock, the rattling old Waco hummed over the islands. The happy shout: "Here comes the mail," became island routine. Milt bought some more orchards, cleared up some more farmland, and cast an eye toward all five islands. Now his run began at Port Clinton, went into Kelley's Island and then touched the farthest point of Lake Erie, North Bass, which hugs the Canadian border.

ONE DAY Father Charles Haley, a Catholic priest serving all the islands, came over to the airport: "I've been watching your planes go over," he said, "flying right on schedule. I wonder if I might come along on Sunday mornings, for passenger rates? I could make my Mass on time."

"Sure thing," said Milt, and got himself a regular commuter. The islanders began to brag: "Our priest flies!"

One night a harried farmer called long after midnight. The night was

black and threatening with storm: "I hate to ask you, Milt," he said, "ain't never used your planes or spent no money with you, but I got to have a doctor here right away or my little girl is a goner."

"Don't worry," said Milt, reassuringly. "He'll be there."

He was there. The story flew among the islanders. A few days later venerable old Will Haas, telegrapher for Put-In-Bay for half a century, called Milt on the telephone: "Say, what happened to that plane you been wiring about," he wanted to know, "when you goin' to git it?"

"Never, I guess," said Milt, "I can't seem to rake up the money."

"How much?" asked Haas.

"Oh, lots—a thousand dollars to start with," said Milt; and went back to his flying.

Things looked bad. The planes were deteriorating and the steady runs didn't allow much time for repairs. Just as the axe was about to fall Milt got another telephone call: "Got that money," said Haas, "come on over and take it."

"What money?" asked Milt, in no mood for the miraculous.

"That plane money you was talking about," said the old telegrapher, "pay it back when you git it, come on and take it."

Milt took it. He wanted that additional plane more than anything in the world. Henry Ford had just decided that manufacturing trimotor planes was bad business. He shoved those he had on the market, cheap. Milt went down to buy one.

It was a beautiful job. It cost 55 thousand dollars. Milt made instalment arrangements and said he'd take it. "Fine," said the dealer,

"when do you want it delivered?"

"Right now," said Milt, "I'm delivering it."

The dealer looked at him skeptically: "Ever fly one of these ships?"

"No," said Milt, "but they're all just a bunch of trucks, fly one and you fly 'em all." He crawled in the pilot's seat, and took her off the field. The dealer stood with mouth wide open.

A school teacher on North Bass Island explains it: "The first time I crawled into that plane, I was loaded in with a crate of chickens, a small piano, a re-capped tire, one preacher and three housewives. We took out over the frozen ice flying 85 miles per hour with me fully prepared to die. My stomach didn't settle back in place for three weeks. Now, Milt could load me in with a herd of cattle, and I expect it any day, but I wouldn't even look back. He's just tops."

HERSBERGER's name on the islands today has the same meaning to the residents that Mr. Anthony's has to people with problems. Everybody has flown with him at one time or another, from a four-day-old baby to an 86-year-old grandma. The people who once scoffed now consider him their own Knight Errant. When the war broke, Milt wanted to go off and do his duty. The Island people blew their tops. It was unheard of—they couldn't live without him. Peculiarly enough, the complexion of the islands might change if it were not for Milt's airplanes. No doctors, no preachers, and seldom any mail.

Milt was born in Anderson, Indiana, of poor farming parents. One day as a lean, gangling youth he

went into Richmond to see one of "them new flyin' contraptions." A daring pilot was hopping passengers and Milt was enthralled. Like a would-be elephant tender at a circus he hugged close to that plane, running out to rub it off every time it flew in, and tenderly feeling its surface. Finally, he went for a ride and the die was cast. Milt refused to go home.

He became the pilot's helper and the pilot taught him to fly. Milt never went back. He stayed in Richmond where other planes came and went, and pretty soon Milt was a pilot, earning his own money—and good money too—at the age of 21. He found himself a girl named Thelma, married her, and set out with his own plane to barnstorm the country. Occasionally he settled down, flying routes between Pittsburgh and Cleveland or Podunk to Green Corners, but always moving on—looking for that right spot.

Now, at 42, he's settled and thinks his future is long and bright. Milt looks like Spencer Tracy, works like a tractor, and flies when even a bird is grounded. He hauls everything from a load of sheep to a bone for a ritzy dog. There are no fancy suits around his airport, no helmets. Just a man in a pair of overalls or an unpressed suit.

Milt is no show-off. But beyond the routine of his mail route, passenger and freight hauling, and his special charter trips—he can, and does, take up the thrill riders and they always get a run for their money. He stopped keeping track of his logging time after 10 thousand hours, but it's all on the record. Mrs. Hersberger sees to that.

One of the island's most charm-

ing hostesses, Thelma looks like a dark-haired poetess in her old flying jacket and simple sports clothes. Talkative, natural, her knowledge of flying stumps the experts. She doesn't fly. Her job is keeping the books, sending out bills, taking care of transportation forms, and entertaining the country's airmen who drop in at any time to see Milt. He's known all over the United States by all the old-timers. They still come to marvel at his skill and to enjoy his good company.

"You see why I don't fly," explained Mrs. Hersberger, setting out champagne glasses on the big kitchen table. "My job is just as important as Milt's and my title much bigger. I'm Vice-President in Charge of Petty Cash, General Manager in Charge of the Headache Department and Town Shopper for the Island Elite—and I love every job I have." She means it and is as vivacious as a debutante. "I may get a promotion," she went on, "First Lady in Charge of All Plane Cleaning."

That's if the war continues long. Milt formerly had five assistants, two pilots, a conductor, a plane hostess and "Curly," chief mechanic. Now there's only Milt, Thelma, and a little high school girl who acts as plane hostess, and mechanic Curly.

Air Transport magazine says of Curly (Ralph Kieffer): "He can do anything with a plane from completely overhauling an engine to fabricating an exhaust pipe from an automobile fender."

Flying a typical day with Hersberger you take off at 8:40 a.m. from Put-In-Bay headed for Port Clinton—that's the base at the

mainland, and mail pickup. On board eight or ten passengers fill the first rows of seats. Luggage is scattered up and down the aisle. Housewives are going over for shopping, a salesman is out for orders. Leaning against the wall, reading his morning paper, is the island doctor back from a night's trip. Rubbing shoulders close by is the Island priest reading his scripture. In the back where seats have been removed are three crates of fish, a sewing machine going in for repairs, and several assorted packages. The two largest commodities shipped by plane are wine and fish.

At the end of a day Milt's record reads: 20 take-offs and landings; a total of 28 passengers; cargo including 122 cases of wine, several tons of hay, four thousand pounds of corn, groceries, luggage and mail. He has flown in to Port Clinton, out again; over to Kelley's Island, up to Green Island, and into North Bass, then home to Put-In-Bay. Not once but twice, and on odd runs sometimes as many as six a day.

The wine rides for one-tenth of a cent per pound mile. The fish ride for two cents a pound net weight.

The passengers pay \$2.00 (plus tax) or on a three-day pass \$3.43. Odd packages fly for 25 cents and *Milt is making money*. He now owns his five ships, all his hangars and bases; 10 thousand dollars' worth of equipment and his maintenance bases.

In all of his 14 years of service Milt has missed his run only about six days. He has flown through fog so thick that Mrs. Hersberger, who stood waiting on the field, could only hear—not see—his plane, until it taxied onto the field. Death has written but one entry in the log book. That was in December of 1937. One ship of the airways fleet plunged into the icy waters bringing death to three people. Milt was not flying the ship. He has flown on other days to rescue parties when nothing moved but his plane. He drops food to marooned fishermen, and locates stalled cars.

One pilot who came out to apply for a job with Milt vignettied the business with an acid remark. After loading 10 cases of wine, a half ton of fish and a bale of hay, he walked off the field muttering: "You don't want a pilot, what you need is a derrick that flies."



A BOY AND A GIRL were walking along a shady road in the moonlight. The boy was carrying a large pail on his back, a chicken in one hand, a cane in the other and leading a goat. They strolled along silently until they came to a large tree. "I'm afraid to be walking along here with you," said the girl coily, "you might try to kiss me."

"But how could I," protested the boy, "with all these things I'm carrying?"

"Well," she answered, "you could stick the cane in the ground, tie the goat to it and put the chicken under the pail."

—Banana Peelings

The Backwash of War



—Algiers (by cable to Coronet)

AND THEN, suddenly, he is gone, and chances are you'll never see him again. That's the way it is at base. And I've spent a lot of time at bases here and there, watching people passing through.

Many a man is sitting at base this minute, and hating it. He is thinking about a day when his eldest son will throw the recruiting poster at him. "What did you do in the Great War, Daddy?" the boy is asking. And daddy will have to tell the boy he was in London or Washington or Algiers or Cairo. Watching people passing through.

There was a time when the news was discouraging and the censorship was consequently rigid. The reporters were trying to tell the truth, and the wise men were not allowing them to tell the truth. The wise men dreamed up a character called the official observer and sent observers into the field with orders about what to write. But once they picked the wrong type.

This fellow's name was Hugh, and he was a good journalist. But he became an observer, with orders to write—according to what we used to say about Russia—"on the party line."

"Give us a story," the wise men told him, "about a conversation among a tank crew just come out of action." They never should have

asked Hugh to do that. He gave them the story, but it was true.

There were only two characters in this story. They were British soldiers and their names were Alf and Harry. They had just come out of a tank action and they were "brewing up" beside their tank.

Alf got the fire going in a petrol tin. He poured the brown, brackish water into the pot and got it boiling. He put in a handful of black tea leaves.

Then he and Harry squatted beside their fire waiting for the tea to get so strong that nobody in his right mind would drink it. They squatted there and talked a conversation of a tank crew just come out of action. They talked with the peculiarly unprintable adjectives of the British soldier—with the innocent profanity of the simple-minded—and Hugh put it all in.

"Harry," said Alf, "what the blanking blank is the war all about?"

"Blanked if I know," said Harry. "Well, wot the blank are we going to get out of it?" said Alf.

"Blank, Alf," said Harry.

"And them blanking blanks back in Cairo, Harry. Wot the blank are they doing?"

"Blank, Alf," said Harry.

Hugh's story went on like that, and wound up with a description of the sun sinking behind the ridge—the ridge that Alf and Harry had

helped take in the day's battle.

Hugh was fired. The Eighth Army got another official observer. I never did see Hugh again.

The base is a sieve, but not everything drops through its mesh. The sediment remains, and the men and women who are the sediment are called "base wallahs."

Jack Benny comes and goes—Marlene Dietrich, Jascha Heifetz, visiting colonels and miscellaneous migrants pass through for a quick look. The base wallah remains.

He fills his days with his own inventions lest he go crazy. He makes wry jokes about his job and goes swimming in the hot afternoons. He sees the people passing through and knows the chances are he will never see them again.

There were the "big colonel" and the "little colonel." The big colonel, about six feet six, always drove the jeep, and the little colonel sat beside him. If you've ever seen six feet six sticking up from a jeep you know how it looked.

They used to come back to base sometimes, because their job was intelligence and base is where intelligence lives. One time the little colonel came back to base alone. He mentioned a mine they had hit. Then the little colonel went off and I never saw him again either.

There was the man who used to shoot elephants, but was accounted too elderly to shoot Germans. He

wound up as a base wallah—in charge of newspaper correspondents in Tanganyika, where there are no correspondents.

But the people who are kept behind by force of circumstance see things invisible to the people whom circumstances send forward. They see places where even now the war is over. And what is it like, this post-war world they see?

I know a Frenchman of many talents and good brains. He knows America and loves France.

We were sampling, one day, a formidable mixture called an "information," and talking war and politics. Everyone in Algiers talks politics because in Algiers the war has receded and tomorrow is encroaching. At base, even the war is just passing through.

"Well," I said to my French friend after we had been talking a long time, "how do you define your political philosophy?"

He tipped his glass of information and caught the strawberry at the bottom. He put down his glass and looked at me. He knows I am an American and inexperienced in these things. He suspects that I and all my countrymen are just passing through a sad and serious world, as people pass through base. He swallowed his strawberry and he answered my question:

"I am a moderate terrorist."

—CHESTER MORRISON

Heaven is a Comedown

A NATIVE CALIFORNIAN—"and proud of it"—died and went to Heaven. St. Peter greeted him with a defensive glare. "Come in and look around," he said, "but I know you won't like it." —C. B. KENAMORE

Game Book Section:



Musical Heroines



LOVE UNDOUBTEDLY is the favorite topic for songs—and what is love without a girl? There are many girl heroines in the songs and ballads of the past and present. If you're addicted to the old barber shop variety of singing—and who isn't?—the excerpts below will raise a lump in your throat. We present herewith 27 excerpts from as many old-time favorites of music lovers. In each of the songs a girl is involved. Count four points for every one you name correctly. Sixty is passing, 80 good, and 86 or over very good. Answers are on page 121.

1. And when the fields are fresh and green, I'll take you to your home again.

2. You'll look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.

3. The days may come, the days may go, but still the hand of mem'ry weaves the blissful dreams of long ago.

4. Through the black of night, I got to go where you are.

5. I've come from Alabama, wid my banjo on my knee.

6. Is there anyone finer in the state of Carolina?

7. A wild sort of devil but dead on the level.

8. I dream of — with the light brown hair, floating like a vapor on the soft summer air.

9. Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine; or leave a kiss but in the cup and I'll not look for wine.

10. Light she was and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine.

11. Just — and me, and baby makes three.

12. In all my dreams your fair face beams.

13. Maxwellton braes are bonnie where early fa's the dew.

14. And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party, I was seeing — home.

15. Soft o'er the fountain, ling'-ring falls the southern moon.

16. You're the only g-g-g-girl that I adore.

17. She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

18. No one else it seems, ever shares my dreams, and without you, dear, I don't know what I'll do.

19. No matter what I do I can't forget you; at times I wish that I had never met you.

20. You can take Rose with the turned-up nose, but don't bring —

21. The moon, in all its splendor; the kiss, so very tender.

22. What is she? That all our swains commend her?

23. When day is done, you'll hear my call.

24. Eyes of night and lips as bright as flame.

25. — made her mind up at seventy-five, that she would live to be the oldest woman alive.

Question House



IN A MYSTERY story a certain house often supplies the clue to the mystery. In this quiz the word "house" (or "houses") is the key to the answer. Test your ability to recollect by associating each of the following phrases with the clue-word "house." For example: the phrase "a governing body composed of commoners" when associated with the word "house" suggests the House of Commons.

Allow two points for each correct answer. A score of 70 is passing; 80 is good; and 90, or above, excellent. Answers begin on page 121.

1. A novel by Charles Dickens
2. What the pitcher throws
3. Jane Addams founded it
4. What Lincoln said about secession
5. Home for the penniless
6. Three of a kind, and a pair
7. Highway tavern
8. Where farmers cure meat
9. Company magazine
10. Famous London banking firm
11. The St. Louis Cardinals
12. Wives send their misbehaving husbands there
13. A Colonial governing body
14. "A seal of guarantee" by a well-known magazine
15. Hotel detective
16. Festivity in a new house
17. Where golfers talk about par
18. Gangsters' term for prison
19. An ailment of the knee
20. "People who live in . . . shouldn't throw stones"
21. Sam Rayburn presides over it
22. Where "river folk" live
23. Its last line is "And be a friend to man"
24. Flowers are grown here
25. Skyline apartment
26. Woodrow Wilson's adviser
27. Where the brute lived
28. "That tossed the dog that worried the cat that kilt the rat that ate the malt that lay in . . ."
29. A play by Ibsen
30. Popeye's friend
31. The home of Fala
32. A bearded baseball team
33. A story by Edgar Allan Poe
34. A trade name for a beverage
35. *John* 14:2 in the Bible
36. Pearl Buck's trilogy
37. Sea-lane warning signal
38. College boys' club
39. A famous hotel in Chicago
40. Military lockup
41. What the glutton does to you
42. An Olsen and Johnson movie
43. Hotel for bums
44. Hospital for locomotives
45. A novel by Hawthorne
46. A well-trained puppy
47. Washington, D.C., today
48. A church
49. A vaudeville comedian of yesteryear
50. Ex-National League pitcher
51. The house referred to in the Tenth Commandment

Win the War



ALL THE WORDS corresponding to the following definitions begin with "WIN," "THE" or "WAR" as indicated. The idea is for you to fill in the missing letters of each word. Give yourself one point for each correct word and two additional points for each complete set of three. Consider 40 a passing score. Between 60 and 70 is good, and over 70 is excellent. Answers may be found on page 122.

1. Churchill's first name W I N _ _ _ _
 Belonging to them T H E _ _ _
 A soldier W A R _ _ _ _
2. A famous radio commentator W I N _ _ _ _
 A motion picture house T H E _ _ _
 One's personal collection of garments W A R _ _ _ _
3. Going round and round W I N _ _ _ _
 Consequently T H E _ _ _ _
 Less cold W A R _ _ _
4. Towards the wind W I N _ _ _ _
 A scientific explanation T H E _ _ _
 Divisions of town or county W A R _ _
5. Equipped to fly W I N _ _ _
 The study of God T H E _ _ _ _
 Capital of Poland W A R _ _ _
6. The coldest season W I N _ _ _
 Pertaining to heat T H E _ _ _ _
 A judicial order W A R _ _ _ _
7. The trachea W I N _ _ _ _
 Through those means T H E _ _ _
 A guarantee W A R _ _ _ _
8. One who talks foolishly W I N _ _ _ _
 The plural of this T H E _ _ _
 Merchandise or goods W A R _ _

9. To shrink back.....W I N _ _
 An actor.....T H E _ _ _
 Skin blemishes.....W A R _ _
10. Sudden good fortune.....W I N _ _ _ _
 A robbery.....T H E _ _
 Cautiously.....W A R _ _ _
11. A wind-powered machine.....W I N _ _ _ _
 An essay or treatise.....T H E _ _ _
 A songster.....W A R _ _ _ _
12. Kind of apple.....W I N _ _ _ _
 Ancient capital of Upper Egypt.....T H E _ _ _
 A prison officer.....W A R _ _ _
13. A hoisting drum.....W I N _ _ _ _ _
 A word-book.....T H E _ _ _ _ _
 A storage building.....W A R _ _ _ _ _
14. A flavoring herb.....W I N _ _ _ _ _ _
 A Greek letter.....T H E _ _ _
 Changes shape.....W A R _ _ _
15. Capital of Manitoba, Canada.....W I N _ _ _ _ _
 Topics or subjects.....T H E _ _ _ _
 A danger signal.....W A R _ _ _ _ _

Answers to "Musical Heroines"

- | | | | | |
|---------------|----------------|------------------|----------------|---------------|
| 1. Kathleen | 6. Dinah | 11. Molly | 16. K-K-K-Katy | 21. Marie |
| 2. Daisy Bell | 7. My Gal Sal | 12. Adeline | 17. Sally | 22. Silvia |
| 3. Genevieve | 8. Jeanie | 13. Annie Laurie | 18. Sweet Sue | 23. Ramona |
| 4. Chloe | 9. Celia | 14. Nellie | 19. Rose Marie | 24. Tangerine |
| 5. Susanna | 10. Clementine | 15. Juanita | 20. Lulu | 25. Jenny |

Answers to "Question House"

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 1. Bleak House | 9. House organ | 18. The Big House |
| 2. A "roundhouse" | 10. House of Rothschild | 19. Housemaid's Knee |
| 3. Hull House | 11. The "Gas House Gang" | 20. Glass houses |
| 4. "A house . . . divided
against itself cannot
stand" | 12. Doghouse | 21. The House of
Representatives |
| 5. The poor house | 13. The House of Burgesses | 22. Houseboat |
| 6. A "full-house" | 14. "Guaranteed by Good
Housekeeping" | 23. "The House by
the Side of the Road" |
| 7. Roadhouse | 15. House dick | 24. Greenhouse |
| 8. Smokehouse | 16. Housewarming | 25. Penthouse |
| | 17. The club house | |

Answers to "Question House" (cont'd)

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 26. Colonel E. M. House | 34. "In my Father's house | 42. Flophouse |
| 27. "The house that | are many mansions..." | 43. Roundhouse |
| Jack built" | 35. <i>House of Earth</i> | 44. <i>The House of Seven Gables</i> |
| 28. <i>The Doll's House</i> | 36. Lighthouse | 45. Housebroken |
| 29. "Roughhouse" | 37. Fraternity house | 46. A madhouse |
| 30. The White House | 38. The Palmer House | 47. The House of God, |
| 31. House of David | 39. A guardhouse | or A House of Prayer |
| 32. <i>The Fall of the House</i> | 40. "Eats you out | 48. "Billy" House |
| <i>of Usher</i> | of house and home" | 49. Fred Frankhouse |
| 33. Maxwell House Coffee | 41. <i>Crazy House</i> | 50. Thy neighbor's house |

Answers to "Win the War"

- | | | | | |
|-------------|-------------|-------------|--------------|-----------------|
| 1. WINston | 4. WINdward | 7. WINdpipe | 10. WINdfall | 13. WINdlass |
| THEirs | THEory | THEreby | THEft | THEsaurus |
| WARrior | WARDs | WARranty | WARily | WAREhouse |
| 2. WINchell | 5. WINGed | 8. WINdbag | 11. WINdmill | 14. WINtergreen |
| THEatre | THEology | THEse | THEsis | THEta |
| WARDrobe | WARsaw | WARes | WARbler | WARps |
| 3. WINDing | 6. WINTer | 9. WINce | 12. WINesap | 15. WINnipeg |
| THErefore | THErmal | THEspian | THEbes | THEmes |
| WARmer | WARrant | WARTs | WARDen | WARning |

Coronet Educates Through Pictures . . .

Because such Coronet Picture Stories as *Through the Periscope* by Fletcher Pratt and *China Fights Back* by Madame Chiang Kai-shek were so enthusiastically received last year by schools, churches, civic groups and the Armed Forces, Coronet will continue its nonprofit Visual Education Service in 1944-45. This service will again offer eight of Coronet's timeliest, most informative Picture Stories, reproduced on slidefilm.

These slidefilms, prepared for Coronet by the Society for Visual Education, are single frame and usable in any standard projector. A series of eight Picture Story slidefilms (each slidefilm accompanied by one Picture Story reprint) costs only \$2.00. The 1943-44 series is still available . . . and subscriptions are now being taken for the 1944-45 series, which begins this October. Orders should be sent with remittance or official purchase order to the Society for Visual Education, Inc., 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

For those who do not own slidefilm projectors or who desire individual copies of the Picture Stories, actual-size reprints of the eight 1944-45 Picture Stories (25 copies of each) are available at \$2.00 for the series. Additional copies are obtainable at 1c each. Reprints should be ordered from the Education Department, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

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Picture Story:



China's Home Front

With a commentary by LIN YUTANG

PICTURES THAT HAVE come out of China in the last eight years have been mainly concerned with her epic military resistance against the Japanese invader. China's battle on her home front to maintain and to improve her civilian standards of home life and citizenry have, as a result, gone begging pictorially. Photographer George Alexanderson of the U.S. Department of State made up his mind to fill this gap when he was loaned out to the Chinese government. Between his assignments on the Chinese fighting fronts, Alexanderson found time to accumulate the camera record of home, farm, factory and civilian which appears on the following pages. His work shows vividly that there is at least as much in common between China and the other United Nations as meets the camera eye.



- 1.** *China's working couples are legion. These two, Wang An-li and his wife, work in a factory. Like millions of their Russian, American and British counterparts today, they leave their child in the care of an older member of the family during the day.*

2.

3.



- 2.** *Pay day in a Chungking factory is not unlike a Saturday pay-off in any of America's wartime industrial centers. Wang An-li lines up with the others. The factory furnishes his living quarters and meals.*



- 3.** *Like any thoughtful young husband the world over, Wang An-li stops off on his way home to pick up something special for the home. Commodities are rare, prices are steep—but the need for that extra lift to the spirit is the same everywhere.*



4. *Businessman . . .*



5. *Kindergarten kid . . .*



6. *Shoeshine boy . . .*



7. *Water carrier . . .*



8. Barber . . .



9. Refugee . . .



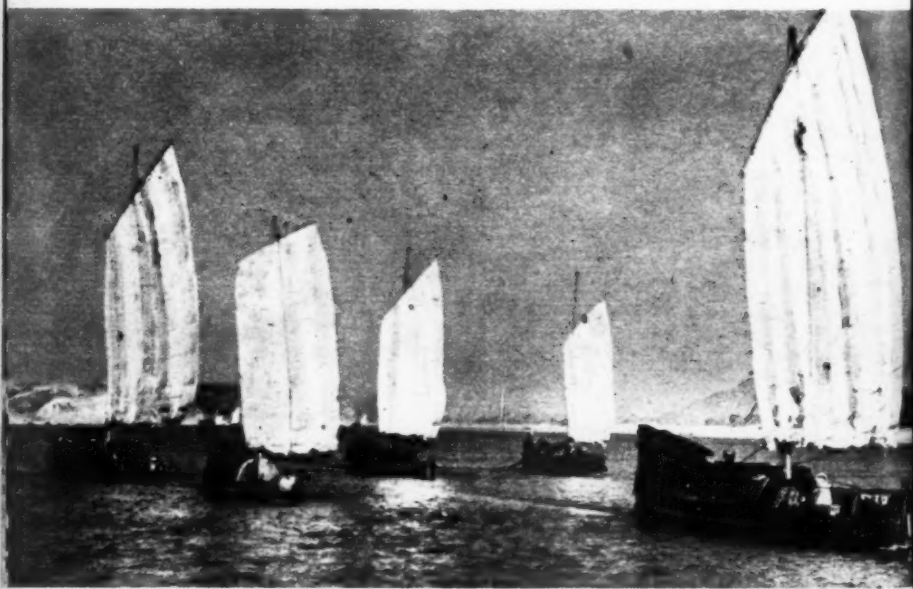
10. Farmer . . .



11. and private secretary.



12. Does this remind you of an intersection on your Main Street? This is a line waiting to board one of the local buses headed for the suburbs of Chungking. The Chinese have a longer familiarity with crowded and curtailed transportation.



13. These sailing junks and sampans on the Hsiang River in Northern Hunan may not look anything like Great Lakes and Mississippi steamers, but river life in China is just as vital to the country's production.



- 14.** *Laughter still comes easily to the irrepressible Chinese spirit, as demonstrated by the girls who work in this plant, the only manufacturer of woolen goods for civilian use in Free China.*



- 15.** *Lake shore rice paddies are as important to China as the rolling Minnesota wheat-fields or our Iowa corn belt. The picture above, taken from the height of the Burma Road, traces a pattern of hundreds of acres under cultivation near Kunming.*



16. Lumber is almost worth its weight in war bonds; and civilian labor is scarce. But the work of building and rebuilding in Free China never stops. Here two husky carpenters saw out boards from tree lengths which were carted from the country.



17. Cows are as sacred to the Chinese as they are to Hindus—but for a different reason. This Chungking dairy is the only one supplying cow's milk to the teeming, overpopulated wartime capital. In other cities, towns and villages, milk is even scarcer.



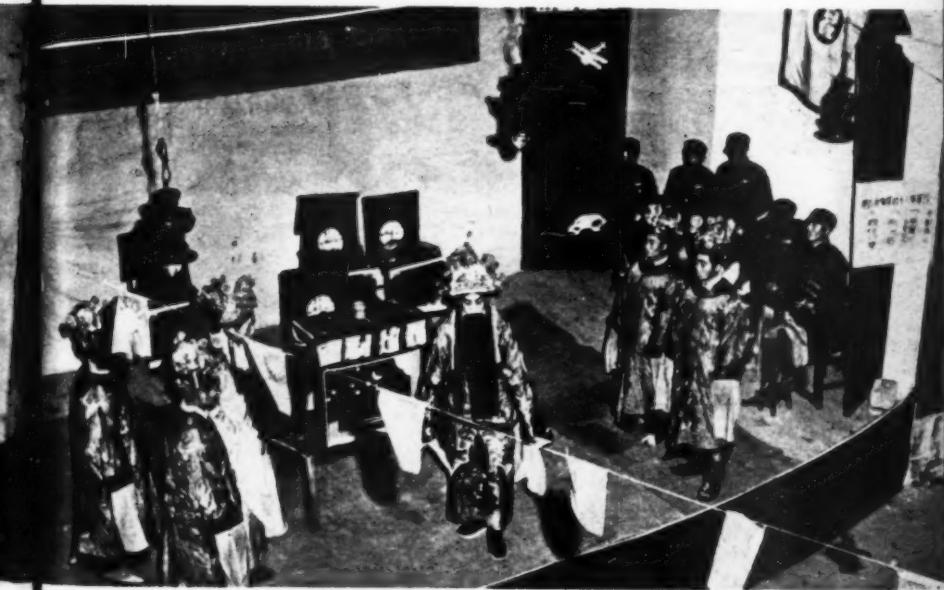
18. This professor of philosophy at the National Central University has all he can do to keep his family going on his \$150-a-month salary, plus what he earns by writing articles. Madame Professor's deft needlework helps supplement that income.



19. And father in turn pitches in with the day's cooking—after tomorrow's lecture has been prepared—for domestic help is just about non-existent. With zooming inflation a family like this can just barely make ends meet.



- 20.** *Anything connected with the movies has as great a fascination for the Chinese as for Americans. But due to shortages, moviemaking is restricted to documentary films, which have a vast audience, including a number of would-be film specialists.*



- 21.** *Stage and opera still exert their magic appeal for Chinese audiences, provide them with one of their major forms of relaxation. The guests of honor at this performance which was jammed to the doors were members of an Allied Military Mission.*



22. *Manufacturer . . .*



23. *Peddler . . .*



24. *Police officer . . .*



25. *Postman . . .*



26. *Bank clerk . . .*



27. *Medical doctor . . .*



28. *Professor's son . . .*



29. *and college girl.*



30. *All along the Chinese home front, women have replaced men in key positions as well as humble stations. Mrs. Yang Kang, the women's page editor of the leading newspaper published in Chungking, here uses a Chinese brush in copyreading her column.*



31. *Just as they do in Times Square or at a small town railway junction, newsboys clamor around trucks for their papers, come delivery time. Up until last January Chinese newspapers sold for about five cents. Since then the price has doubled.*



32. But the hunger for news persists. The distribution office of "Ta Kung Pao" in downtown Chungking is here besieged by prospective customers, avid for news of their men on the fighting front and the general progress of the war.



33. Pastoral scene. As a sampan is poled by, women do the family wash on the banks of the Kunming canal. War and the invader seem millions of miles away. But it is real and bitter and costly to China's average man and woman.

Sin
by Isa

BER in
Britis
Harv
wind
sleet.
the f
was
lash
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Sinister Parallel

by ISABEL MANNING HEWSON



BEFORE DAWN one stormy morning during the last war, a British submarine, the C-23, left Harwich on patrol duty. A cold icy wind turned the falling rain into sleet, and all through that day and the following night the submarine was tossed about in a heavy sea, lashed by wind and sleet pelting down on her decks.

"I don't fancy another day of this," the captain said to one of his officers, a man by the name of Brandt. "I think we'll take to the bottom till the weather moderates."

To Brandt he ordered, "After breakfast put one watch-keeper on the for'ard depth gauge. The rest of the hands can lay off until ten o'clock tonight. We won't surface until then."

So the sub went to the bottom, and after breakfast the exhausted officers and crew, excepting those on duty, took to their bunks and fell asleep immediately. Brandt no sooner stretched out, anticipating a good ten to twelve hours' rest, than he was dead to the world.

He began to dream. He appeared to be in a munitions factory. Women dressed in overalls were busy filling shells with explosives. At the end of the great room where the women worked was a small glass enclosure with "Inspector" on one of the windows. Brandt was quite near and saw that his sister was sitting at a desk inside. She was look-

ing in his direction, but didn't appear to see or recognize him.

Then, as he looked past her through the doorway into the next room, to his horror he saw a line of flame creeping snake-like along the floor toward the room where the women were filling the shells.

Brandt tried to shout to his sister, but his voice made no sound. Then he saw her slump down over her desk as though she'd fallen asleep. He tried to run toward her, but his legs wouldn't move. Suddenly came a terrible explosion, walls seemed to be caving in and bulging out at the same time. Everything was enveloped in dust and flame and smoke.

Brandt tried to throw himself forward again—and woke up abruptly when he gave his head a hard crack on the top of his bunk. He wasn't in a munitions factory—he was safe on the C-23!

"Terrible—it was terrible," he said out loud, still so caught in the memory of the dream that the sound of his voice startled him.

His brain began to clear. He glanced at his watch. It was ten o'clock. Ten o'clock? Why, that was the hour the captain had given orders for the submarine to surface. He leaped from his bunk. Why hadn't he been awakened?

Brandt rushed out and found the man on watch had fallen asleep. He shook him, but the watch-

keeper's body just rolled over on the floor. He rushed to the captain. *He* was asleep, too, and Brandt couldn't wake him up either. He felt the man's heart. It was beating, but beating faintly. Brandt's own heart, by now, was racing and he was having difficulty in breathing.

He grabbed a bucket of water and started dousing the men, slapping their faces to bring them to. He managed to rouse three of them and got them on their feet. Together they raised the submarine to the surface. They opened the hatches and were startled to find it was daylight.

They had been resting on the bottom of the sea for 24 hours, 12 hours longer than the captain had ordered, and, during those last 12 hours, the air had become heavy with gas fumes. The fumes had overcome every one of them, excepting Brandt.

When Brandt was giving the details of his awakening to the captain, he told him about his curious dream. "If it hadn't been for the explosion in that dream," he said, "we'd all have been lost."

When the submarine C-23 put back into port, Brandt found a letter waiting for him from his sister.

In it, she had written:

We have had an appalling accident here in the factory today. There was a terrible explosion in the shop where the women were filling shells. Thirty-six women were killed and hundreds in the building were badly injured, but for some unaccountable reason I escaped without a scratch.

All this happened just a little before ten o'clock. (Ten o'clock was the hour at which I was supposed to make my rounds through the shop). And for the first time in my life I dozed off sitting right up at my desk.

While I was asleep, I had the most awful dream about *you*. I dreamed that I was inside a submarine and in that submarine you and the crew were all lying dead, but somehow I believed you weren't really dead and I tried to wake you up. I couldn't seem to make any sound with my voice, and I couldn't make you hear.

The next thing I knew, I was awakened by the terrible explosion. If I hadn't fallen asleep, I probably wouldn't be alive to write you this letter, because, as I said, I was due to go on my rounds at ten o'clock—it was just ten when the explosion happened that woke me up."

Brandt took the letter to the captain and handed it to him without a word. "What do you make of it?" he asked finally.

"What do I make of it?" the captain echoed. "I don't know what to make of it. I'm satisfied to say, 'Thank God it happened!'"

Down for the Count

A RROGANT AND INSOLENT, the captured Nazi colonel asked to see the American pilot who had the colossal nerve to shoot him out of the sky. Upon facing the American, he boasted: "I've shot down over 150 planes. How many planes have *you* brought down?"

The Yank shavetail smiled. "Just one."

—TOM GOOTEE

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Fiction Feature:

Preview of Tomorrow

by WILL F. JENKINS





Preview of Tomorrow

by WILL F. JENKINS

THE ROCKET PLANE flew clumsily West. It was not the most direct route to its target. But the plane carried a bomb.

The direct route would have been northwest over Canada and Alaska, then southwest over Siberia, but the bomb was not the sort to be carried over friendly country. It was too powerful.

The plane flew high, at a speed no propeller-driven ship could match, and through air too thin for a propeller to bite on. It had practically no wings—retracted, they were mere fins for its guidance and control. It was a war plane which did not mount a single gun. It was motored, but it jetted out hot gases from the rear of its stubby body for propulsion. And it flew with exceeding awkwardness, wobbling in flight, fishtailing from side to side, reeling and rolling and seeming to stagger in its progress. Except that it traveled at 14 hun-

dred miles an hour, it would have been a monstrosity.

Far away, 30 small, stocky, yellow men regarded a Prime Minister with hard, impassive eyes. They were the chiefs of an Imperial Army and Navy, and they were beaten. They waited for the Prime Minister to make the formal confession of defeat which would preface his suicide. Then they would settle down to plan the next war, to which some sort of surrender in this was a necessary preliminary.

"You are aware that the Empire now faces a military defeat," said the Prime Minister in his squeaky voice. "The tide of war has turned against us. We fight alone against the world."

The sky above the rocket plane was an improbable deep, dark blue which verged upon purple, and in it the sun and stars shone out together. The stars looked shamed and smoky. The sun was a small spot of unbearable brightness.

This was 60 thousand feet up, where things have their own look.

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The earth could not even be seen. For the plane flew at the top of the ocean of air which lies above the earth, and the atmosphere which masked the shining stars from men below now blotted out all solidity from above. There was no substance anywhere.

In the double-cockpit pressure cabin, holding air for the crew to breathe, the man in the back cockpit squirmed around to look out of the rear ports at the trail of white vapor the plane left behind. The trail reached back to infinity, thin, white and languidly curling before distance blotted it out.

Back Cockpit said, "We've come along pretty good, so far. It won't be long, now."

The man in the front cockpit returned sourly, "But this damn thing handles like a garbage scow."

To prove it, the rocket-plane lurched and skidded, and the man in the back cockpit held fast. He swallowed.

Front Cockpit said angrily, "If I couldn't design a better ship than this with a hangover—"

Back Cockpit swallowed again. He grinned mirthlessly. "I know. But when y'go two thousand feet a second, air ain't air any longer. It's somethin' else that's got chunks in it. We hit a chunk then."

He grasped his seat, the forced grin still on his face. From time to time he inspected the dials before him. Especially the dial which registered the temperature of the compartment in which Sally lay, insulated and packed in liquid air snow with a trickle of liquid hydrogen for extra assurance.

Sally was the rocket-plane's bomb. She was four tons of hexyni-

trate in a metal case—hexynitrate, which has the fastest and most disruptive explosion of any substance known to man. But it is sensitive stuff. It goes off if sunlight strikes it. It detonates from a mere vibration if above the temperature of liquid air. And it has been known to blow up out of sheer boredom when resting on cotton wool in a dark and sound-proof room far underground.

Sally was the first mass of more than a few fractions of an ounce of hexynitrate ever to be gathered in one place. According to calculations there would be nothing left intact within two miles when she went off. And she was a bare half yard beneath Back Cockpit's feet.

At 193 degrees below zero Centigrade, Sally ought to be a lady who would explode only if provoked by a detonator. At 170 below, she was unpredictable. But at a mere minus 140 she was a tramp—a wild woman.

Back Cockpit watched the record of her temperature and temperament carefully. But there were other dials. One told the distance from base as computed by radio triangulation. Another indicated the nearness of bomb-release time, based on the first figure.

The trail of vapor behind the rocket-plane grew with incredible speed. The plane hurtled ahead.

The Prime Minister spoke of disaster. The Imperial armies had fought hysterically, but in vain. Half the Imperial fleet was sunk. The civilian population was underfed, war production was breaking down, ocean transport for the defending forces overseas was non-existent.

"But I called this council," the high-pitched voice went on, "to reveal the new purpose of the Throne. The

Divine Race has not been abandoned by the Sun Goddess. This conference, in which the new commands of the Throne are given to you, will in time be revealed as the beginning of our supremacy. . ."

At nearly twice the speed of sound, the rocket-plane raced towards its destination. Unable to get out of the way, air piled up before the plane's stubby wings like soft wet snow. Like snow, it toppled off irregularly.

The plane did not travel or react like self-propelled craft. It had not so much course as trajectory. It was hopelessly unhandy of control. Its responses to its rudder and guiding fins were sluggish and incomplete—but necessarily so. At its speed, a sharp change of course would crush the crew against the cockpit sides. A dive would fling them with mangling force against the ceiling. A zoom would crush them to pulp by their own weight against the seats.

So the plane mushed on changes of level. It skidded crazily on turns. And in straightaway flight it rolled sluggishly.

"In the very hour," announced the Prime Minister, "—the very hour in which military victory by the western nations has become a certainty, I convey to you the views of the Throne. This disaster has come upon us because we abandoned the way of Divinity. Lured by the evil *kami* of the West, we forgot that Divinity does not produce and Divinity does not build. Divinity creates and Divinity destroys. As we strove to produce material objects in vast factories, and build fleets and railroads and cities, we abandoned our heritage. In the future we shall win by exercising the divine prerogative of destruction. The western world must be destroyed. It is not

to be conquered and ruled. It is to be annihilated. . ."

The rocket-plane settled from the 60-thousand-foot level. The sky grew paler in color. The stars winked out. In the bluish translucency below, some trace of substance appeared. Mottlings showed and the tips of the highest cirrus clouds swam upward out of the haze. The plane settled still lower. Down to 50, then to 40 thousand—a mere eight miles above the earth. The sound of the motor deepened.

"We're only four hundred miles away now," said Back Cockpit. He spoke almost wryly. "I swear I hate to do it."

Front Cockpit's voice was dry and toneless. "You volunteered, didn't you?"

Back Cockpit nodded, wetting his lips. "Yeah. I wanted to get the war over. Those damn fools know they're licked. Now they're gettin' themselves killed tryin' to make it cost us too much to finish the job. But it's gotta be finished! I gotta kid. Y'think I want him to have to scrap everything an' fight like me later on, because I didn't feel like finishin' my job? My pop was softhearted about the Germans after the last war, an' so one of my brothers got killed fightin' 'em again in this. My kid ain't goin' to get killed fightin' Japs if I can help it."

Thirty thousand feet. Only six miles high. Clouds were sharply distinct now, sweeping by at monstrous speed. The solid blue of ocean showed below. As the plane rocketed ahead, the air it sped through, compressed at the forward edges of the guide-fins, gave off an odd refraction effect like heat

waves off a brick wall. The motor noise was thunderous.

"No signs of trouble for us," said Back Cockpit uneasily. "It don't hardly seem sportin' to do it without them even tryin' to get us. But maybe it is. We ain't even got a peashooter to fight with. All we got is Sally."

"We're goin' as fast as a lot of shells," said Front Cockpit harshly. "Ever try taking a pot shot at an artillery shell? They'd have just about as much chance of hitting us. How could they even try to get us? They won't hear us until we're past, and if they saw us they wouldn't believe it. But I don't think they'll see us."

The rocket-plane flashed across the sky, the white trail growing more dense in its wake. There was air here. Not enough to keep a man alive if he had no oxygen flask or pressure cabin, but air.

The Prime Minister's voice jerked on: "The Throne is aware that these commands may seem onerous. But the Sun Goddess has been pleased to impart to certain of her descendants secret matters which assure the mastery of the Divine Race over the whole world.

Members of the Race, in due humility, now labor to apply those secrets for the glory of the Throne. Preparations are almost complete. The Throne therefore commands that the army and navy continue to resist at any cost in lives or material, pending the completion of the sacred devices now under construction in the precincts of the Imperial Palace."

The Prime Minister stopped and glanced craftily about. Then he added: "I may tell you that Professor Yamanoto of the Imperial University has found the secret of atomic disintegration, which the western nations

have sought for years. I am assured that the destructive power of the material is enough to shatter the earth itself, if such power is necessary to secure the supremacy of the Divine Race. There is no question save that of time. Every qualified scientific mind in the Empire now labors upon the apparatus. Two months are needed. Five million, ten million lives, or even half the Divine Race is not too high a price to pay. . ."

Back Cockpit licked his lips. "I'm goin' to open up the discharge tube. But I'd feel better if they was throwin' somethin' at us."

"There's never been anything yet that could pick out a shell on the way from a gun," repeated Front Cockpit, "and that's us. Strap in tight. This thing's going crazy when Sally goes out."

Back Cockpit turned a crank. In the creaking torture of full-speed travel at 30 thousand feet, the rocket-plane was filled with the unhappy groanings of its fabric. The sound of the discharge tube door opening could not be heard.

Back Cockpit watched the temperature dial. "The liquid hydrogen's all gone," he said thinly. "She's up a degree a'ready. We're sure cuttin' things fine!"

"How long have we got?" demanded Front Cockpit. "We're aimed right."

"Twelve secon's," snapped Back Cockpit. Suddenly his teeth chattered. "Leven . . . Ten . . . Nine . . . Eight . . . Sev—"

"In two months," said the Prime Minister, "the instruments of destruction will be placed in your hands. With godlike splendor you will destroy and destroy and destroy. You will leave alive not one specimen of the human races of the West. In time,

as the Divine Race occupies the emptied continents and multiplies to fill them, even the lesser races, which at first will serve us, will also be destroyed. Ultimately every habitable spot upon the globe will nourish and serve the Divine Race alone, which will thrive and increase to the glory of the Throne. . . ."

Faster than the eye could follow, faster than any detection device could record or report, the rocket-plane shot through the sky. It quivered. It shook. It creaked. But it went on with a terrible, implacable velocity.

Then something dropped from the bottom of its bullet-like body, as if the plane had laid a monstrous egg in flight. In an insane series of gyrations, the rocket-plane bucked through the air. But it swerved very little from its course.

The glistening object left behind instantly became frosted with condensed air. Then the forward portion cleared. It was left far behind before it began to fall. Down it went in a long, shallow trajectory growing imperceptibly steeper. It had six miles to fall. Six miles in which it would travel many times that far forward. It straightened out in its line of flight and went on, screaming as it slowed to the point where the thin air affected it.

The men in the rocket-plane did not even glimpse Sally after the radio signal from three thousand miles behind had actuated the bomb-release mechanism. Front Cockpit fought the madly plunging plane. Back Cockpit held on grimly.

Seconds later the rocket-plane was in hand again. Front Cockpit put its nose up. It leaped skyward now, with four tons of bomb and an

enormous load of fuel no longer to be lifted. The acceleration pushed Back Cockpit against his seat.

"We—we done it," said Back Cockpit shakily, wiping the sweat off his forehead. "Y'know, I thought I might feel like a hero, or I might feel like a murderer. But I don't feel like nothin',—except I hope a few more like Sally will win the war fast."

Front Cockpit returned, "She hasn't hit yet. It'll be a couple of minutes more—I didn't expect to come out of this alive."

"Me neither," confessed Back Cockpit. "I got gray hairs I didn't start out with."

"Hold on," said Front Cockpit. "I'm going to start the turn."

The rocket-plane, maintaining its speed of 14 hundred miles an hour, climbed steadily. As it essayed a turning movement, a vast weight thrust both men to the floor. They panted under crushing acceleration as the plane swung in a gigantic half-circle. Part way through they blacked out.

"I repeat," squeaked the Prime Minister, "that there is no question of failure. Material ready for disintegration is already stored in the Imperial Palace in quantity sufficient to blast half a continent. When the instruments for its use are completed—"

"Explosives in the Palace?" snapped a general. "It is madness! They must be removed at once!"

The Prime Minister smiled toothily. "Disintegration," he explained happily, "could only be begun by the appropriate apparatus or by an explosive more violent than any used by our enemies. Atomic destruction—"

He stopped. There was a sudden shrill scream in the air. There was actually a time-interval during which

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the noise of Sally's coming swelled from inaudibility to a ghostly shriek. But it was almost inappreciable. The Prime Minister had not yet turned his head when Sally struck.

The rocket-plane sped homeward without its deadly load. It was headed northeast. Presently it would fly southeast, and the net result would be the shortest air course between Tokyo and the West Coast of the United States.

"Seems funny," said Back Cockpit reflectively, "we never heard it go off. We were blacked out, though. That's why we didn't see it."

"How could we?" demanded Front Cockpit. "Blacked out, and still going faster than sound? We couldn't see or hear it."

"Yeah," mused Back Cockpit. "I guess that's it. I hope the war ends fast now. That kid of mine, he's a cockalorum. I wanna get back to him. What'll you do when the war's over?"

"Get back to work," said Front Cockpit hungrily. "I was a physicist when the war broke. On the trail of atomic power. I think—I *think!*—I was on the right track. Give

me a year and I'll know for sure."

"Atomic disint—that's likely to blow things up, ain't it?" objected Back Cockpit. "I read somethin' once—"

"Atomic *power*," corrected Front Cockpit. "Atomic disintegration, yes, but figured for power, not bombs! Who the hell wants worse bombs than Sally?"

"The Japs," said Back Cockpit. He grinned.

WHEN THE ROCKET-PLANE LANDED, there was a jeep waiting to carry the crew to Headquarters to report. But the driver was most unmilitary. He whooped and shouted as he drove. There was undisciplined rejoicing all around. Back Cockpit, startled, asked questions.

"The war's over, fellows," said the jeep's driver. "Somethin's happened to Japan."

Back Cockpit drew a deep breath. "That's swell!" he said. "Swell!"

The jeep rounded a corner on two wheels.

"Hey, you!" said Back Cockpit in alarm. "Slow down! You wanna hurt somebody?"

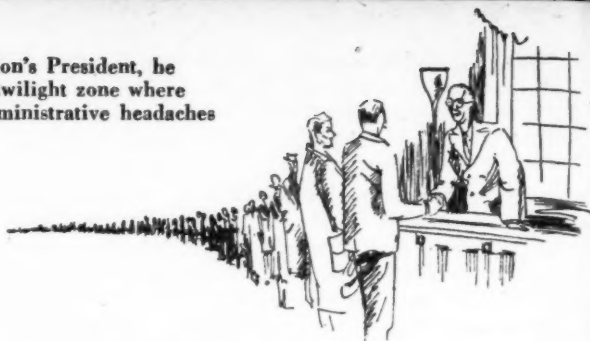


THE EUROPEAN UNDERGROUND survives only by means of masterfully cunning tricks and deception. One of the most effective methods disperses anti-Nazi literature right over the heads of the Gestapo.

Two underground members balance a board on the roof ledge of a tall building. Leaflets are piled on the overhanging end, weighted down by a pail of water on the other. A pin hole is punched in the bottom of the pail, and the patriots take off for their distant hideouts. Half an hour later the water has emptied enough to allow the board to topple over, and leaflets rain all over the streets.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

Appointed by the nation's President, he functions in a sort of twilight zone where he falls heir to all administrative headaches



The Man with 531 Bosses

by ALAN HYND

EACH YEAR the over-burdened Washington post office receives hundreds of letters, of foreign and domestic origin, addressed to the Mayor of Washington. Despite the fact that the nation's capital has no mayor, the letters are promptly delivered. Their recipient is a sartorially-elegant, silver-haired six-footer by the name of John Russell Young, who sits in an oak-panelled office in the Old District Building at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W.

Young—a 62-year-old former White House newspaper correspondent—has been president of the three-man board of commissioners of the District of Columbia since 1940. At first blush, his duties seem to parallel those of a mayor. Actually, his job is unique and bears little resemblance to any other official post in the United States.

Although Young is not a city, county, state or federal official, he functions in a sort of twilight zone where he falls heir to almost every conceivable kind of administrative headache. He is appointed by the President and is now in his second

three-year term at an annual salary of nine thousand dollars. While he is free from the whims of an electorate, since there is no electorate in the District of Columbia, he has to account to Congress, which controls the money that he spends, for everything he does.

If, for example, Young wishes to raise the salary of a charwoman, extend the powers of the property clerk in the police department, or buy a length of hose for the fire department, he has to get permission from Congress to do it.

It is doubtful if there is a busier man in Washington. His official day begins when he arrives at his office promptly at nine. It is by no means at an end when he leaves for home in the late afternoon.

Young feels a constant sense of responsibility to the non-voting District taxpayers who shell out more than a million dollars a week for him to spend. Thus, along toward midnight, when he is on his way home from a banquet where he has been the principal speaker, he is likely to drop into a police station for an unexpected tour of inspec-

tion, which serves to keep officials on the alert at their jobs.

As a veteran capital reporter for the *Washington Post*, *International News Service* and the *Washington Star*, for which he covered the White House during the Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt administrations, John Russell Young frequently criticized public administrators. Now that he is on the other side of the fence, he knows he is fair game for the sharpshooters of the newspaper city rooms. Occasionally, for five minutes or so, Young mentally resigns his job as president of the board of commissioners and becomes a reporter again. In this role he appraises his own administration with a critical eye and if there is anything about it not to his liking he quickly takes remedial steps.

Many people in Washington wonder where Young gets the time to do everything he does. In addition to his routine duties he meets formally with the two other commissioners—Guy Mason and Brigadier General Charles W. Kutz—on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. On Tuesday he presides over the weekly meeting of the District Unemployment Compensation Board, and on Thursday he attends the meeting of the National Capital Housing Authority, of which he is vice-chairman.

Young is a member of the zoning commission, which sometimes conducts public hearings lasting two days, and is chairman of the District's License Board. He is the coordinator of civilian defense for the District of Columbia and environs, is chairman of the President's Birthday Ball, honorary chairman

of the Community War Fund, vice-chairman of the Red Cross Campaign, and active in WAC recruiting. It is Young, too, who is the prime mover behind concerts given by the metropolitan police band, which he created, and the National Police Academy, which he formed for the purpose of increasing the efficiency and integrating the work of various official and private law enforcement agencies throughout the District and a number of suburban communities.

For about three months each year, Young shuttles between his office and Capitol Hill, consulting with members of the District committees of the House and the Senate on fiscal matters. At least once a year he has to appear before the appropriations committees of Congress and be ready to explain and justify the expenditure of every last nickel of his budget. Last year the budget was 66 million dollars, all of which came from District taxes except six million dollars, which is paid to the District annually by the federal government. In Young's office is a book five inches thick, which he himself has dictated, and which explains all expenditures.

As IF HE didn't already have enough on his official plate, Young does not hesitate to create more work for himself. He appointed a parking board, after selling the idea to Congress, to look into the possibility of wiping out Washington's slums, a block at a time, and using the space for automobile parking areas, as the downtown parking problem is a motorist's nightmare.

In 1943, Young got Congress to authorize a Victory garden com-

mittee. This was brought about by a situation peculiar to Washington. The front lawns of many Washington homes are on land owned by the District, so that in many instances a property owner can't call his lawn his own. One patriotic woman dug up her front lawn and planted a Victory garden. That was when Young got his idea for a Victory garden committee. The function of the committee is to supervise all Victory gardens planted on District-owned land.

Recently Young set up a new bureau in the police department, known as the juvenile bureau. Nine juveniles out of ten who get into trouble, he believes, are not delinquents, but merely mischievous children. To prove his point, he cites scores of teen-aged boys and girls who have straightened out after listening to off-the-record advice from John Russell Young.

Another of Young's creations—the National Police Academy—handles 40 men at a time for a six-week course at Washington police headquarters. Those attending the academy are given a stiff and thorough course in scientific crime detection, the law and common sense. Young presents the diplomas.

Of Scotch-Irish ancestry, one of Young's boasts is that he never finished high school. His father, James Rankin Young, was one of the founders of the *Evening Star* in Philadelphia, where Russell was taken when he was nine. Young's first newspaper experience was with the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and he returned to the city of his birth to begin a long newspaper career on the day that Theodore Roosevelt was inaugurated.

Young occupies a mid-town house with his second wife. He has two children by his first marriage, a daughter, and a son who is a major in the Air Corps.

Once a year there is a banquet in the Mayflower Hotel at which the founder and a dean of a school of expression presents the diplomas of the Silver Tongue to the 12 Washington personages who have, during the previous 12 months, mastered the arts of rarefied rhetoric, soporific sophistry, sublime poise, graceful gesturing and perfect enunciation. President Roosevelt and various members of Congress have, since 1933, received the accolade of the Silver Tongue. The dean himself—John Russell Young—is a graduate of the school.



THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA was playing Harvard in a heated game some years ago. At the half, the Carolina coach gave his team an effectual pep talk.

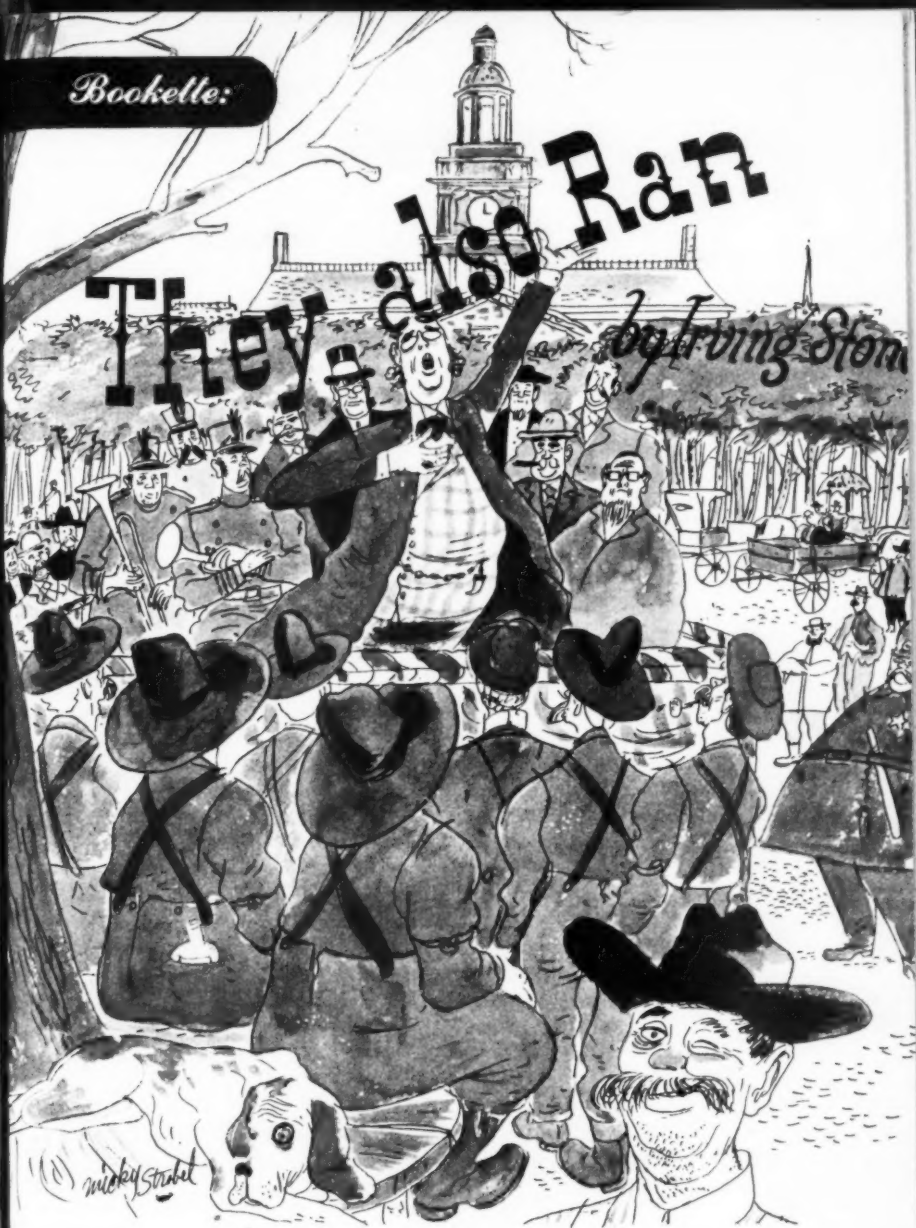
"Boys," he said, "you've got to get out there and really fight for old North Carolina—and don't forget that every man on that Harvard team is a Republican!"

—EMERY G. YOUNG

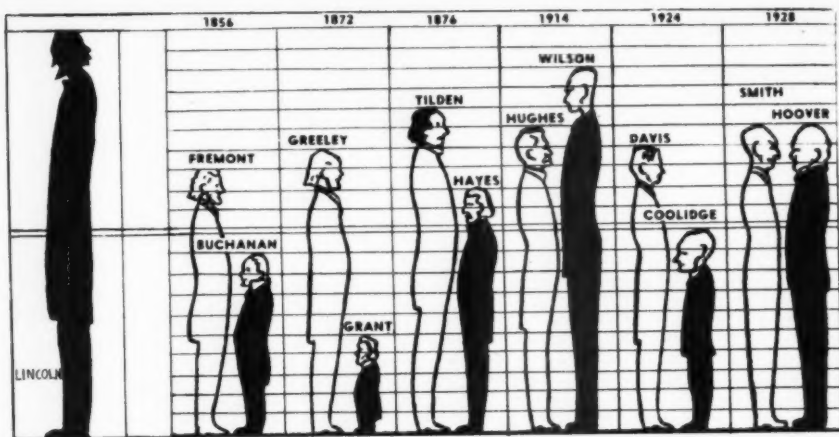
Bookette:

They Also Ran

by Irving Stone



History becomes a pulsating pageant before your eyes in this dramatic story of stellar also-rans, a group of men who all were defeated for the Presidency. Irving Stone illuminates today's social and political problems in his keen analyses . . . a condensation of the book.



They Also Ran*

This is a story of men who enjoyed, or suffered, an identical fate: they were all defeated for the presidency of the United States.

The lives of the presidents too often have been sweetened to salve nationalistic pride; no one has thought it necessary to whitewash defeated candidates. Their lives provide a high-powered and amusing lens with which to judge the standards of their times, the qualities of their victorious opponents and the political wisdom of the electorate. I have attempted to extract the vital essence of each man rather than to tell his full life story; in this sense the sketches are biographical line drawings rather than portraits in oil.

Throughout this story it will be evident that party lines have proved stronger than independent judgment. Popular government is thus faced with a dilemma: a two-party system is necessary to the functioning of a democracy, yet out of this system has arisen most of the nation's political ills. No political sulphadragms have been evolved which

could eradicate these election diseases.

This story of presidential elections has not always been a pretty one: grievous wounds have been inflicted. Yet for a century and a half the wounds have healed and the diseases have abated without killing the patient. That the American government has been able to sustain itself through 39 major elections is one of the most promising performances in political history. Perhaps it is salutary that the body politic be ravaged at periodic intervals; it toughens, develops antibodies for the blood stream so that it cannot be killed off by the first adverse wind; although grown scarred and gnarled, democracy has developed the ability to withstand attack.

* Six of the most important also-rans among the nineteen presented in the regular edition of this book have been selected as subjects of this condensation. The defeated candidates are grouped in chronological order. In the above drawing, the author evaluates the also-rans in white and their successful opponents in black to designate each man's ability and value to the nation.

They Also Ran

by Irving Stone

John Charles Fremont

THE COUNTRY revered John Fremont for his undaunted spirit and his contribution to the exploration and literature of the wilderness. By the time he was 43, he had been offered the nomination for the presidency by the Democratic party and, having rejected their offer, had been nominated by the dynamic new Republican party.

He was a careerist, yet he never tried to serve his own career unless he was serving the interests of his country and his people first.

Many times Fremont had his hands wrapped around success, only to have that fragile dish fall and shatter to a thousand pieces: by his third expedition he had established himself as the outstanding trail blazer of his day, only to embark on an unwarranted fourth which ended in disaster and cost him part of his reputation; he played an important role in the conquest of California, was its first American governor, only to be dismissed from his post, taken back to Washington a prisoner and court-martialed; he discovered gold on his land in California, becoming a millionaire, only to go broke through frenzied finance; he was appointed one of the first major generals by President Lincoln at the outbreak of the Civil War, saved Missouri from capture by the Confederacy and achieved fame as the first issuer of an emancipation proclamation, only to be retired in disgrace; he became the shining star of a new and great movement, only to be defeated and turned aside, while the party surged ahead to triumph.

When John Charles Fremont was

nominated for president by the newly formed Republican party in 1856, the spontaneity and rapidity with which Fremont Clubs sprang up all over the country was not to be equaled until the advent of the Willkie Clubs in 1940.

Something tremendous was on the march in the fall of 1856, sweeping the nation into a fervor and ecstasy. New social and political ideologies were aborning, a new political party surging forward with an irresistible force.

And a new national hero was in the making: ex-Captain John Charles Fremont, with his eyes strong and sad, his face covered with a pointed beard, his wiry body small, taut, indestructible.

What had made John Charles Fremont the most colorful character on the American stage?

The dashing young Fremont had commanded three brilliant journeys in all, by means of which he won fame for himself, aided immeasurably the Westward migration, and played an important role in securing California from Mexico. His wife, beautiful and brainy former Jessie Benton, was a daughter of a resolute Missouri senator.

As the first civilian governor of California, he had granted the Mexicans a friendly and generous peace. And when he was caught between naval and army officers on the question of command in California, he had elected to recognize Commodore Stockton as the highest authority in that state. This was a mistake in judgment, for as an army officer his permanent allegiance was to the army. Fremont was placed under arrest,

hauled back to Washington a virtual prisoner. John Fremont became a *cause célèbre*. His court-martial case in which he was found guilty received tremendous space in the papers; his exploits in helping to win California became known nationally and were largely responsible for his nomination to the presidency 10 years later.

The Democrats offered Fremont the nomination in the campaign of 1856 on condition that he endorse the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, that he sanction the introduction of slaves into Kansas and the new territories. Fremont informed these leaders that he was against the extension of slavery, and the offer was withdrawn.

The first Republican convention met in Philadelphia in June of 1856 and, with the hot-eyed fervor of a revival meeting, nominated Fremont on the second ballot. One of the most telling campaign slogans in American politics was originated:

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS,
FREE SOIL, FREE MEN,
FREMONT AND VICTORY!

A wave of enthusiasm swept the country. The Pathfinder was going to find a path through the impenetrable wilderness of slavery.

The Democrats were badly frightened, for had not they too tried to cash in on the popularity of Fremont? Through the early summer months it appeared that nothing could stem the tidal wave from overwhelming "Old Obliquity" Buchanan, Democratic wheel horse, mollifier, political corkscrew. Thereupon was organized the dirtiest campaign in the American political record. The Democrats started a

whisper going that Fremont was a Catholic, a slave owner and slave trader, a swindler, an appropriator of public funds and a drunkard.

The South declared Fremont a traitor to his country, while the North looked upon him as an emancipator. But with the South girding itself for war, a considerable portion of the North did not want an emancipator at the cost of a rebellion. Chief among these was Senator Thomas Benton, who came out against his son-in-law and the Republicans as a sectional and geographic party which would rend the nation.

Slander, the threat of secession, and a lack of campaign funds defeated John Charles Fremont for the presidency. He carried 11 states to Buchanan's 17, received 1,341,264 votes against 1,838,169 for Buchanan.

Although the Republicans ostensibly were defeated, actually they had scored an astonishing success: completely unknown and unorganized only five months before, they had come within a half million votes of unseating the oldest party in the country.

What kind of president would John Charles Fremont have made?

Might he have saved the nation from the civil war which followed four years later?

Historians guess that if civil war had broken out in 1856 Buchanan would have made a better president than Fremont because he was an old hand at politics, a compromiser because he knew how to twist, placate and wangle. The exact opposite might also be true: if civil war had broken out, Fre-

mont, as a military man, would have been a great asset in the presidency. He would have taken immediate, bold, direct action which might have cut the ground out from under the revolt.

Loving the South and its people, once the revolt was put down he not only would have granted them a generous peace, but would have used all available Federal funds to repair the damage.

As a pre-war president he would have been superior to Buchanan because he would have used every weapon at hand to prevent the South from arming for the struggle, as it did so effectively during Buchanan's administration. He would have built up a strong Union army from the Northwest and West.

The people had had to choose between Buchanan, who had been a state legislator, member of Congress, secretary of state, and Fremont, whose knowledge of the inside workings of politics was derived from the expansionist discussions in his father-in-law's house. And once again the nation was saddled with the wrong kind of experience. What was wanted in a president was courage, vision, love of his people over his party. Had Fremont been elected there is a possibility that the Civil War might have been little more than a short-lived insurrection.

If as a southerner Fremont could have placated the South or prevented them from arming for war, or swiftly crushed their uprising—and all three of these were possible—then the legend of Abraham Lincoln could have been the legend of John Charles Fremont.

Horace Greeley

"WHILE THERE ARE doubts as to my fitness for president," observed Horace Greeley dryly, "nobody seems to deny that I would make a capital beaten candidate."

They were wrong; the defeat killed him.

Until the advent of Abraham Lincoln, for whose nomination he was partly responsible in 1860, Greeley was the most widely known figure on the American landscape; from his pen poured a torrent of articles, essays and books, from his lips an almost equal torrent of words; for three decades, from 1840 to 1872, he exercised one of the strongest influences on the mind and motive of the nation.

He had the weirdest appearance in any professional circle, making Lincoln seem debonair: tall, skinny, angular, neither his head, torso nor limbs seemed to bear much relation to each other. Horace Greeley had little to go on: no important family or connections, no physical attractiveness, no social graces, no money, no friends. All he had was a brain, integrity and passion.

They took him a long way.

"I am drifting into a fight with Grant," he said in 1872. "I hate it."

Greeley had been one of the founders of the Republican party in 1856. Though he had not been enthusiastic about General Grant he had supported him in 1868. Now he loathed the thought of doing injury to the party he had helped found, yet he knew that, just as Lincoln and the Republican party had contrived to win the war, Grant and the Republicans

were contriving to lose the peace.

Greeley realized that he would have to oppose the reelection of Grant in spite of the shattering injuries it might do to the Republican party and to the New York *Tribune*, the newspaper which he had founded.

As soon as he announced in his *Tribune* that Grant must be defeated, his fellow Republicans assumed that he was waging his fight for selfish reasons. They set out to expose him to the country as a seeker of the presidency, doing such a good job that they sold the idea to Horace Greeley, the new Liberal Republican party, the Democrats and the country at large. He is the only one among the Also Rans who was in effect nominated by the opposition.

He was an idealist and a humanist in the early New England tradition. Instantly upon the cessation of Civil War hostilities his mind turned to the binding up of all wounds. His viewpoint was shared by President Lincoln.

But Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. The voice of Horace Greeley was drowned in the cry for blood. Convinced that the further incarceration of Jefferson Davis was a destructive act of vengeance which kept the South embittered, Greeley traveled to Richmond where, with Commodore Vanderbilt and several other northerners, he signed a hundred-thousand-dollar bond for the release of Davis.

A tornado rocked him for this effort. The quarter of a million circulation of the *Tribune Weekly* fell off to 50 thousand.

It was with misgivings that Gree-

ley had supported General Ulysses S. Grant, the Republican nominee, against Horatio Seymour in 1868. He was grateful to Grant for bringing the war to a close, but he knew that the presidency, particularly in as difficult a period as the nation had ever faced, should not be handed out as a reward.

It did not take him or the other penetrating minds of the country very long to see what Grant had let them in for: the incompetence and scandal stank to the heavens. President Grant turned from his critics with annoyance. After three years of intolerable conditions Greeley broke from the Republicans in power as dishonest perverters of the real aims of the party.

The recalcitrants called themselves Liberal Republicans. They assembled in convention at Cincinnati on May 1, 1872, drawing up a platform which contained a sizzling indictment of Grant and his followers. Greeley, who was 61 years old, was nominated on the sixth ballot.

The Democratic party, but a shadow of its former strength, confirmed Greeley's nomination. Once again the Republicans hooted; they did not want to clasp hands with the South; they wanted to wave the bloody shirt of war, win elections and remain in power.

Greeley resigned as editor of the *Tribune* and jumped into the campaign with an energy and intentness that was worthy of two other Also Rans, William Jennings Bryan and Wendell Willkie. He spoke in every important city.

President Grant said nothing. Through September and October

by Irving Stone

Greeley continued his fervid speeches, quoting figures, stripping bare the Grant malfeasance. He remained confident long after his supporters saw how the wind was blowing: that the soldier vote would be cast pretty solidly for its own general, and against the South; that vast sections of the country would be voting neither for Grant nor against Greeley, but for the Republican party which they had brought into existence; that there was no possibility of getting a fair comparison of Greeley and Grant before the electorate because the people were too tired and beaten to think; that the country was weary: weary of bloodshed, of wrangling, of change.

Ballots were cast quietly and without tension, for there could be no doubt that Horace Greeley was beaten before he started. Grant received three quarters of a million more votes, the final score standing at 3,597,132 for Grant against 2,834,125 for Greeley.

One of Grant's contemporaries said that Grant missed the greatest opportunity since the inauguration of George Washington. Horace Greeley would have done something with that opportunity. With the opportunity to accomplish great things, the training, the intelligence, the courage and the will to essay them, he might have been one of America's most valuable presidents.

In his one political office, that of congressman, Horace Greeley had done good work. He was already old and tired but deep fires still burned in his soul, fires to right the wrongs of Reconstruction,

to bring the South back to health, to take government out of the hands of the incompetents and swindlers, to make the government an efficient agent for the people.

After his defeat, tired, discouraged, ill with weariness, he resumed the editorship of the *Tribune* only to learn that a strong movement was under way to oust him from the paper he had founded. He became ill and died only three weeks after the election.

It was "thirty" for Horace Greeley, one of the most fantastic, lovable and valuable creatures ever produced on the soil of North America. All that would be remembered of him was that he once said, "Go West, young man!"

What he had meant by West was Erie County, Pennsylvania.

Samuel J. Tilden

HE WON THE RACE by a head, but it was before the day of the photo finish, and the judges ruled him out. No American had more right to cry, "I was robbed!"

He wasn't built to be a hero: slight of figure, racked by illnesses, cold by nature, battle-worn at 62, without luster or fire. Yet he proved to be the outstanding hero among the Also Rans.

Samuel J. Tilden had it in his power to renew the Civil War. Victim of a guerrilla uprising against the democratic form of government, no man would have said he was wrong to put down the revolt with force. No man, that is, except himself. He loved democracy with a penetrating intellect which would not permit him to shatter the peace

that was slowly emerging from a war already 12 years ended.

Tilden's life was compounded of ironies: though he became a millionaire through his work for the railroads, mines and manufacturers, he was interested in working people; though he loved the Democratic party above all things, he smashed it wide open in New York City when he prosecuted the Tweed Ring; though he was a laboratory technician in the science of politics, he refused to utilize his skill to seat himself in the White House even after the people had given him a quarter of a million popular majority. He is the only man elected to the presidency who never got his foot inside the White House.

Samuel Jones Tilden was born at New Lebanon, New York, on February 9, 1814, was admitted to the bar in 1841. He became a consultant for the Democratic party and enjoyed a flourishing law business which followed in the wake of his political activity.

For every political poison there is an antidote: the Tweed Ring was the poison, Tilden the antidote.

The Tweed Ring of New York City came to stand as a symbol for depravity and bold burglary in machine-dominated cities.

Tilden tackled the problem by working patiently within the framework of political procedure. Instead of starting criminal prosecutions which he knew would be thrown out because the Ring controlled the courts, he started a drive to nominate honest judges to the Court of Appeals in the election just coming up, then campaigned arduously to put over the reform slate.

New York City and New York State rose in its electoral might, giving Tilden's reform candidates tremendous majorities. Tilden then began his impeachments of the remaining corrupt judges and his prosecutions of the Tweed Ring, sending to prison all those who had not fled the country. He waged the four-year battle not only without hope of reward but at tremendous expense to his health and resources; for whenever there were no public funds to cover the costs of the investigations and prosecutions he would pay the money himself. At the termination of the prosecutions he had become a national hero.

In 1874, at the height of his Tweed purges, a movement took form to elect Tilden the next governor of the state. His unwillingness to hold public office was no longer tenable. He had been importuning the best men among the Democrats to train themselves and run for office. By what right could he now refuse to serve, when he was the best man available for that particular job at that particular moment and the people needed him?

Tilden waged a laboratory campaign. Issuing a continual stream of articles and pamphlets from his own and the pens of the best writers he could find in the state, speaking to thousands of voters in every section, speeches ringing with zest for decent government. His winning majority of 50 thousand votes was precisely what he had estimated it would be.

He turned in an excellent record during his two years as governor. From the moment he had been elected, people talked jubilantly of

moving him from Albany to Washington in 1876. Nor was Governor Tilden any longer reluctant: the die was cast, he was going to have to serve as a public officer; since the Grant Ring in the capital was the national counterpart of the Tweed Ring, it was merely a continuance of his job to be elected president, go to Washington, throw out the rascals and set up reforms which would protect the nation from further depredation.

Democrats in every state in the Union made it known that they wanted Tilden nominated.

Five thousand people jammed the auditorium in St. Louis, for the sweet smell of victory was in the air, the first in 20 years for the Democrats. The historical conjunction of Tilden, the great reformer, with the crying need for reform brought Tilden more than 400 votes on the first ballot and the nomination by a landslide on the second.

The Republican nominee, Ruth-erford Hayes, had been three times governor of Ohio, had had an honorable if unspectacular career in Congress. The campaign started on a high plane, as directed by the two high-minded candidates; then it sank lower in tone and manner as the fighting fell into lower political hands. Tilden was accused of having been a copperhead, of approving of slavery and secession; the Boys in Blue were fired to wage the war all over again, to vote as they had shot.

When it was learned on election day that New Jersey and Connecticut, both doubtful states, had gone for Tilden, there was every indication of a landslide. By nightfall

Tilden also had captured New York State, and everyone knew that the election had been decided.

On November tenth the popular vote was 4,285,992 for Tilden against 4,033,768 for Hayes. The electoral vote stood: Tilden 184, Hayes 166, with the 19 votes of South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida still doubtful. If the Republicans could establish a majority in all three states, Hayes would be elected by an electoral majority of one vote!

In South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida there were two separate factions, each with its own electoral board, still fighting the Civil War: the Republican carpetbaggers with their shepherded Negro vote, and the local white residents, all of whom were Democrats.

In South Carolina the seven-man Certifying Board which was to determine whether Hayes or Tilden got the electoral votes was solidly Republican; in Louisiana the board of four also was solidly Republican; in Florida the board again was solidly Republican. Combined with the presence of Federal troops under Republican commanders, this potent fact, plus the promise of Federal patronage, plus the passage of certain large sums of money, plus the promise of Southern amnesty and independence if its Democrats would throw in with the Republicans, made a formidable task force.

When all of the electoral votes had been dispatched to the Senate it was found that Tilden still had 184 votes. Hayes had 166. In dispute were 19 votes of the three southern states where both parties claimed a majority. The Republicans, who had a majority in the

Senate, claimed that that body not only had the right to count the electoral votes but to decide which ones were valid. The Democrats, who had a majority in the House, claimed only the House could decide upon contested votes. The Constitution was vague on the subject.

Congress therewith passed a bill setting up a commission to be composed of five members of the Senate, five of the House and five from the Bench. Having declared the bill unconstitutional, Tilden and Hayes agreed to accept its decision. Of the 15 men on the commission, seven were Democrats, seven were Republicans, and one, Judge Bradley, was to be neutral and objective. Some time before midnight of the last day one of Tilden's campaign managers read an opinion written by Judge Bradley in favor of Tilden's electors. He reported back to headquarters that Tilden would be selected. However he had left the judge's house a bit too early: a Republican senator and Republican cabinet officer spent the rest of the night with the judge.

The following day the commission declared Rutherford Hayes to be the legally elected president. Fourteen of the 15 members of the commission were lawyers, yet they made their decision on straight party lines; the evidence played no part in their judgment.

It had been a photo finish, with history serving as the infallible camera. By the time the film could be developed the wrong people had collected their money and gone home, the track was dark. Yet there remained the picture for all time, with Tilden out in front by a nose.

What kind of president would Tilden have made? Tilden was methodical, wanting complete proof before making a decisive move. In certain upswing periods of American history these characteristics might have been a drag upon the country, but in 1877, when the greatest need of the day was to bring honesty, economy and prudence into the government, administrative conduct based upon fact and science rather than grab and revenge, they might have made Samuel J. Tilden one of America's most able presidents.

His attitude would have kindled respect and enthusiasm for the democratic form of government, whereas Hayes, labeled with "Fraud!" across his forehead in several of the nation's papers on inauguration day, through no fault of his own created contempt for the system of popular elections.

Tilden was a better man than Hayes to start with; his defeat in an honest election would have been a blow to the nation. But to have him elected and then despoiled of his office by a corrupt machine, multiplied the tragedy of his loss by a mathematical formula which could have been worked out only by Sam Tilden himself.

Charles Evans Hughes

"THAT IS THE strangest man I ever met," said a notorious Albany politician about Charles Evans Hughes. "You can't make any sort of trade with him; you can't approach him on the side of personal advantage. He is beyond me; the fool does right the whole time!"

by Irving Stone

On the night of the gubernatorial election in 1906, when his fellow Republican candidates on the state ticket were seen to have been defeated, Hughes said to his wife:

"My dear, I congratulate you. You have escaped two years of genteel poverty at Albany."

Because of his reddish, luxuriant whiskers he had been called by William Randolph Hearst, who was attempting to defeat him by ridicule, an animated feather duster. The name stuck; voters liked the idea of an animated feather duster sweeping grafters and incompetents out of office. The following morning, thanks in part to Hearst's genius for name calling, Hughes found himself elected by a squeak, the lone Republican to survive.

After giving New York four years of good governorship he was appointed a United States Supreme Court justice by President Taft. Now in 1916, with every Republican in the land except the political bosses demanding his nomination, he announced:

"I hope that, as a justice of the Supreme Court, I am rendering a public service and may continue to do so for many years; but the Supreme Court must not be dragged into politics, and no man is as essential to his country's well-being as is the sustained integrity of the courts."

Justice Hughes was firmly resolved not to run; he is the only man on record who threatened to bring suit against a state for nominating him for the presidency.

The Republican voters felt differently. He received a quarter of all the votes on the first ballot, and

on the third ballot had every vote except 18 die-hard Roosevelt ballots. For once the people had spoken, instead of being spoken to. The Republicans now had a powerful candidate. Would he accept the nomination?

Charles Evans Hughes whose birthplace was Glens Falls, New York, was 54 years of age when the Republican convention nominated him for the presidency in June of 1916. The convention could not be blamed for nominating him, nor the people for wanting him. His record of public service had been superb; of such material should presidents be made.

During his six years on the Supreme Bench he had written one hundred and fifty decisions which were handed down as the opinion of the court. He was a solid middle-of-the-road judge, devoted to the principles of justice and a root adherence to the Constitution.

He had sworn he would not run. But he wanted to see the Republicans in power. The convention proved that he was the only candidate who could persuade the scattered forces of his party to unite. He felt he had no choice. He had to accept.

Only a few times in the history of the republic had the people enjoyed the opportunity of choosing between two such excellent men. To make the choice more difficult, the similarities between Hughes and Wilson were startling: both were sons of clergymen; both had been university professors; both had been progressive governors of their states; both had fought for the people against the trusts; both had

cast off the rule of party bosses; both had brought the divergent factions within their parties to work in harmony.

Hughes came into his candidacy in a world in upheaval, in a year when the important issues would be of foreign policy rather than national policy. What would he do about Germany, whose submarine had sunk the *Lusitania* and whose government was threatening the United States? What would he do about Mexico, torn by warring factions, attacking American troops and property along the border? What would he do about an Army and Navy which would be able to defeat all comers? These were among the questions he had to answer satisfactorily if he hoped to be elected.

Hughes took to the road. He was warm, hearty, cordial: people liked him. He had a great time.

The election was clean: the newspapers were restrained and polite. Except for a few key speeches, Wilson did little campaigning.

The battle was astonishingly close. Because of his high-tariff stand and the fact that he did not seem really to understand the modern labor union or its problems, Hughes had the Independent vote pretty solidly against him. His anticipated normal Republican majority was offset by the happy Democratic campaign phrase: "Wilson kept us out of war." Wilson made no promises that he could continue to keep the United States out of war; by 1916 it already was beginning to appear that neither candidate could accomplish that miracle, yet large portions of the public voted

for Wilson on the grounds that he would continue to do so.

The Republicans appeared to have won the election. Hughes carried New York, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and Wilson's home state of New Jersey. Hughes fell asleep that night thinking he had been elected president.

He awoke in the morning to find that Wilson had carried California by a majority of some four thousand votes, that the state's thirteen electoral votes had given Wilson the decision. Hughes was alleged to have snubbed Senator Hiram Johnson, leader of the California Republicans, when they both had been in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. Hughes denied having known he was there. His feelings hurt, Senator Johnson was accused of having swung enough votes to spoil Hughes's breakfast on the day after the election.

Wilson received 9,129,606 votes; Hughes 8,538,221.

The tragedy for the United States was not that Charles Evans Hughes ran for office in 1916 and was defeated, but that he was nominated one campaign too soon. Good a man as he was, he was not needed in 1916. He was badly needed in the rebound election of 1920, in place of Warren Harding as the Republican nominee; his talents were the ones needed by the United States in its post-war period.

The story of Hughes exemplifies the gambler's chance behind democratic elections: so many good men are lost to the presidency because they run one election too soon or

by Irving Stone

too late, are defeated because the season is not quite ripe; while other and poorer men are elected because the times and elements combine to remove the superior opponent.

John W. Davis

JOHN W. DAVIS was one of those rare characters in American politics who received plaudits from Republican as well as Democrat. When he was appointed solicitor general in 1913 the Republicans in the House congratulated President Wilson on the wisdom of his choice; when he was nominated for president in 1924 the Republican press praised his character and career.

The liberal press, on the other hand, which for decades had been supporting the Democratic nominee, abandoned John W. Davis. The fact that he was a Wall Street lawyer was the handle by means of which the door of criticism could be thrown open; the real reason Davis lost the support of the progressive bloc was that for the first time since 1860 a third party, Robert M. La Follette's Progressives, had arisen to steal the Democratic fire. The Republicans found with glee that the criticisms of reaction and bondage to the financial interests, which could be charged against their own candidate Calvin Coolidge with greater truth, were levied by the liberal press against John W. Davis because it was only from Davis that La Follette could hope to secure his votes.

As an admirer of Thomas Jefferson John W. Davis had never been anything but a Democrat. The Davis-for-president boom sprang

from his friends and admirers in West Virginia. John William Davis was born in Clarksburg, West Virginia, on April 13, 1873. In the winter of 1923 the Home-Town Davis-for-President Club undertook to tell the nation why John W. Davis should be its next president.

There was only one charge that could be conjured against Davis: he was a Wall Street lawyer. He had given up a profitable law practice to serve in Congress; for five years he had served as solicitor general at 10 thousand dollars a year when he could have earned twice that much in private practice; as ambassador to England he had exhausted his private resources in order to maintain American standards for which Congress refused to pay; as a lawyer in Clarksburg he had served several workers' unions; as a member of the judiciary committee he had helped draft the Clayton Anti-trust Act; as a solicitor general he had fought with courage on every liberal front. For only three years out of his professional career of 25 years had he been a Wall Street lawyer, yet he was being condemned by the liberal wing of the Democrats as unfit to represent their party.

Clem Shaver went to New York early in June 1924 to set up a Home-Town-for-Davis Club in the Waldorf Hotel. Davis' chances appeared remote: William G. McAdoo controlled half the delegates, while a full third had been pledged to Alfred E. Smith.

The Democratic convention did its best to lose the election before it had nominated a candidate. The platform committee wrangled for

days, refusing to condemn the Ku Klux Klan or endorse the League of Nations. John W. Davis was placed in nomination by the West Virginia delegation, along with a host of other favorite sons. The first ballot showed:

McAdoo.....	431
Smith.....	241
Underwood.....	42
Davis.....	31

By mid-July the convention had taken 70 ballots. The count stood:

McAdoo.....	415
Smith.....	323
Davis.....	76

By July 21, after watching the convention cast 96 ballots McAdoo and Smith had to admit that they could not win. Both withdrew—but not to each other! Davis captured their strength. He was nominated on the hundred and third ballot.

Davis' nomination was well received. Yet he went into the campaign seriously handicapped: in addition to the disharmony of his party, the Democratic National Committee was poorly organized with certain sections remaining disgruntled; the convention had nominated for vice-president Governor Charles W. Bryan of Nebraska on the grounds that he was a liberal and from the West: thousands would vote against John W. Davis because they thought William Jennings Bryan was his running mate!

However his greatest trial was that a third party had arisen: Senator La Follette of Wisconsin was leading a Progressive party which declared Davis and Coolidge to be as alike as the Gold Dust Twins!

Davis was not responsible for the

Democratic platform, which had been drawn before his nomination; he went about repudiating it by a vigorous denunciation of the Ku Klux Klan, a ringing support of the League of Nations, and a pledge of a liberal program for the benefit of the people which brought back the memory of his most effective work as solicitor general. His efforts did him little good; the left-wing press branded him a Wall Street lawyer and a false liberal.

Davis bore up well under these attacks, urging the liberals and progressives not to throw their votes away on La Follette because that would help the Republican party. He presented the people with a lawyer's brief of plain speaking which laid bare Harding's ruinous program. Nor did he smear Calvin Coolidge with the Harding brush.

The Republicans ignored Davis, dragged the traditional red herring across the trail of La Follette. As the campaign progressed La Follette's strength appeared to grow while Davis' went down. This gave the Republicans new ammunition, for La Follette's real aim was alleged to be the securing of enough electoral votes to keep either the Republicans or the Democrats from gaining a majority, thus throwing the election into the Congress. If the House should be too evenly divided to give any of the three candidates a majority, the Senate would proceed to select a vice-president. Since the Senate had a Democratic majority which could not be overthrown by the 1924 election, it would unquestionably select Bryan, who would automatically become president on March

by Irving Stone

fourth. The Republicans threw a final scare into the electorate. Said the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*:

A vote for La Follette is a vote for Bryan.

A vote for Davis is a vote for Bryan.

A vote for Coolidge is a vote for Coolidge.

John W. Davis presented a strong front to the very last moment. When the final result showed 15,725,016 votes for Coolidge, 8,386,503 for Davis and 4,822,856 for La Follette, he took the result with his usual urbanity, and went back to work.

What kind of president would John W. Davis have made?

In stating why he was going to vote for Davis, Walter Lippmann wrote, "He seems to me the only one of the three candidates whose mind actually deals with the post-war world." John W. Davis was Thomas Jefferson brought down to 1924; Calvin Coolidge was John Adams, living in 1796.

Calvin Coolidge was an accident in the White House, put there by the death of Warren Harding. He willfully allowed the country to plunge into its shattering crash and depression; insofar as history can blame any one man for the years of misery and degradation suffered by the American people, Calvin Coolidge is that man.

No one fitted the needs of his country better between 1924 and 1928 than John W. Davis, a liberal who would have put a curb on wild speculation and the pyramiding of paper wealth. John W. Davis would have made the kind of president of whom Thomas Jefferson would have approved; Mr. Davis would have seen to that.

Alfred E. Smith

ALFRED E. SMITH was the first Also Ran to emerge from the poverty of the crowded city.

While Governor Smith was holding a Carnegie Hall audience with the clarity of his exposition on a governmental subject, a woman murmured, "What a giant he would be if only he had a college education!" To this Smith would have replied laughingly, "But, madam, I have a degree. F.F.M. Fulton Fish Market."

He was plain and humble, but sensitive to any slight against his East Side origin. "It would be difficult for me to conceive of any man being inaugurated Governor of New York with a deeper sense of responsibility," said Smith in 1918. "I was eager to demonstrate that no mistake had been made by the people of the state when they entrusted their government to a man who had come up from the lowest rung of the ladder to the highest position within their gift."

Alfred E. Smith was born on the third floor of a tenement on the East Side of New York. By the time he was 19, Alfred was working at the Fulton Fish Market, where he earned 12 dollars a week, a high wage for its day.

At the age of 30 he boarded a train for Albany to become a state legislator.

He knew that he was going to the Assembly under severe handicaps: he had had no formal education, he knew nothing about the procedure of a legislative body. His boardinghouse room became his college dormitory; in his first three lonely years as a state legislator he

trained himself to become a student of state legislation.

After 11 years in the Assembly, Smith served as sheriff for almost two years. Then he was elected president of the city's Board of Aldermen. He had been elected for a four-year term, but at the end of only four months he had to resign because the Democrats had nominated him for governor. When his campaign managers decided that no man who wore his hat on the back of his head could be elected governor, they asked him to please set the hat straight. Smith replied:

"The people of this state don't care how the outside of my skull looks. They want to know what's inside of it. If I've got to change the way I wear my hat, you can get another candidate."

Those who had been afraid that the crude and uncouth fishmonger from the East Side would disgrace the governor's chair in 1919 soon found themselves admiring Al Smith for his quiet dignity, his ability to make a swift decision, his genius at public administration.

After Al Smith's fourth impressive victory in the gubernatorial race in 1926, there was no longer any doubt as to who was the leading Democrat of the country. The boom for his nomination as a presidential candidate became nationwide in 1927.

Alfred E. Smith was nominated by the Democratic convention in Houston, Texas, because, as one politician put it, "the party is tired of finishing second in a two-horse race." The South, which had opposed him in 1924 because he was a Catholic and a wet, slowly swung

into his camp when it was seen that no Democrat in the country could touch his political record or his chance of election.

The Republicans nominated Herbert Hoover, a man with an equally fine record. Thus democracy had arrived at one of the happier moments of its political pattern: the electorate could not lose no matter which man it decided upon. Yet such was the irony of popular government that whichever man went into the White House would have a difficult time repairing the damage done in the days of the campaign.

For pure virulence there was nothing in all American history to equal the whispering campaign inaugurated against Al Smith. One Democratic chairman of North Carolina reported that the anti-Catholic literature that poured into the state must have cost at least half a million dollars.

The Republicans fought their campaign on the basis of the greatest prosperity the country had ever known, a chicken in every pot, two cars in every garage, every sales girl and elevator boy cleaning up on the stock market.

"What kind of a president will I make?" replied Smith to a campaign question; "the same kind as I made a governor."

As the campaign progressed it became evident that the Democratic solid South was being breached by the religious issue; this was doubly gripping because the dry Catholics were solidly against him. But the fundamental weakness of Al Smith's campaign was that in September and October of 1928 he was not able

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to convince the people that their gaudy structure was in danger. What use to plead for reform and progressivism when there was little unemployment, when wages were high, jobs and goods plentiful?

One election day 14,626,803 Americans voted for Al Smith, while 20,812,912 voted for Hoover; a majority for Hoover of over 6,000,000. The electoral vote was also a smashing defeat: Smith received 87 votes to Hoover's 444. He lost New York State by 125,000, a bitter pill for him to swallow.

The difference between Herbert Hoover and Alfred E. Smith was a fundamental difference of political philosophy. Hoover believed that all prosperity in a nation sprang from business, and hence business must be allowed to run itself for its own best interests. Smith believed otherwise; he had watched business at close hand, he had seen what misery could befall a people left unprotected in its grasp. Hoover believed in *laissez faire*, Smith in social responsibility.

If the country had retained its

prosperity for four years more, Hoover's philosophy would have been proved to be right, and the degree of prosperity would have been the judge of the voters' wisdom. But exactly a year after the election there came a complete and devastating collapse which Hoover inherited from the policies of Coolidge, and with the collapse of the country there came the collapse of Hoover's philosophy, and hence of his effectiveness.

Alfred E. Smith knew how to handle public adversity and was temperamentally equipped to administer in times of stress as well as prosperity. He would have set on foot a program of reform and control, applying the brakes to the kind of frenzied finance he had protested against in his campaign.

In November of 1928 Herbert Hoover seemed to the majority of voters to be the right man for the presidency. By November of 1929 the right man would appear to have been Alfred E. Smith. History had played a dirty trick on both of them—and on the nation as well.

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919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

**July
Round Table
Roundup**

"Should Progressive Education Be Abolished?" Of the 67 per cent who answered an unqualified "Yes," the views of a Des Moines, Iowa, teacher were representative: "Hit and miss elective courses," he wrote, "assure the student no contact with the great personalities, the searching minds or significant ideas of all time. His self-chosen, unbalanced academic bill of fare guarantees him no background and no perspective for the multiple problems harassing him and his world." . . . "It is absurd to let young people wander in a wilderness of unrelated subjects, painfully finding their own way while innumerable competent guides stand by unheeded," said another.

From Northport, New York,

came a letter which typified the views of the 33 per cent minority: "Progressive education builds a curriculum around each individual, using as guides the pupil's interests and abilities. In a democracy such as ours where citizens possess certain rights which they may exercise whenever they please, it is only reasonable that future citizens should encounter the same freedoms in the smaller democratic society of the school.

"Guided and advised by his supervisor, each pupil enriches a basic core of learning by following his natural inclinations and abilities." . . .

"Traditionalists ignore the fact that the mind is not a muscle, and that there is no proof that by discipline and exercise it is strengthened."

WINNERS OF THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR JULY

For the best answers to "Should Progressive Education Be Abolished?" first prize of \$100 has been awarded to Ruth Jones of Des Moines, Ia.; second prize of \$50 to Donald Vining of Hollywood, Cal.; third prize of \$25 to Mrs. Catherine Blaes, Wichita, Kan.; prizes of \$5 each to E. A. Robinson, Jordan, N.Y.; Mrs. Mary Cain, Shaker Heights, Ohio; Lt. John P. Roberts, USNR, Rapid City, S.D.; Mrs. R. A. McCullough, New Orleans, La.; and Martha Leigh, Brooklyn, N.Y.

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The Coronet Round Table

Is There a Case for Mercy Killing?

An opinion by the Rev. Clinton C. Cox, pastor of the Drexel Park Presbyterian Church of Chicago

I AM SURE the time will come when society will accept the point of view that children who are imbeciles at birth should be put to sleep mercifully. Life has no meaning for such victims, and they should not be allowed to live on in their hopeless state.

The welfare of other children in a home demands that an imbecile child be taken from the family circle. Institutional care for such a child does not solve the problem. Nor does it release parents to give their best attention to other members of the family.

We have a right to protect life even if we must take life to accom-



plish this aim. One of the primary purposes of the law is to protect and safeguard human life. If we can make life more secure and provide more advantages for the normal child by eliminating imbeciles, aren't we within the same legal ethics practiced daily

in law execution and penalties?

If the nation can send a healthy young man to war and bring him back a cripple, wouldn't the nation be acting within its rights to enact legislation that would permit the putting away in death of an imbecile child? This program calls for ethics and not emotion, sense and not sentiment.

200 Dollars for the Best Responses to this Question!

The Reverend Cox believes that the mercy killing of an imbecile child should be permitted—under the control of a body of recognized medical authorities. Do you agree with his highly controversial views on this subject or do you have another reaction to the problem? For the best letter of 200 words or less on this subject, Coronet will pay 100 dollars; for the second best letter, 50 dollars; for the third best, 25 dollars; and for the five next best letters, five dollars each. Entries must be mailed by October 25th to the Coronet Round Table, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



Lin Yutang (p. 123)



Carol Hughes (p. 110)



Frederick Kuh (p. 42)



Irving Stone (p. 151)

Between These Covers

... To the English-speaking world, Lin Yutang has long been China's literary ambassador of good will. His commentary graces the picture story, *China's Home Front* . . . The sprightly copy in *Air Cabbie of Put-In-Bay* is that of Carol Hughes, our newest contributing editor . . . Frederick Kuh, whose news sources exclude only the Almighty, is the London-based correspondent for the *Chicago Sun* . . . *Lust for Life* was one Irving Stone best-seller. Another is *They Also Ran*, our bookette about men who didn't get to be president.



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I LIKE BEING A SECOND WIFE

provocative, personal experience story you shouldn't miss . . . page 14